THE NEW REPUBLIC

J. D. Salinger

by William Wiegand

A Lady Named Douglas

William Costello on Nixon

Notes on America

by Francois Mauriac

Gaitskell's Future

by Hugh Massingham

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Two Heads Are Better?

★ As everybody knows, the Democratic Party in Washington has two heads, the National Committee under Paul Butler and the Congressional party under Senator Lyndon Johnson. After the huge victory last November the Butler national group with its Advisory Council recommended a frontal attack on the Administration and began issuing first-rate position papers. The Johnson Congressional group, on the contrary, took a position of conservative accommodation with the Administration and followed this with the bizzare policy of trying to out-economize the White House.

See now the result of this policy. The latest Soviet moonshot shows the desperate plight of America's rocketry. The Eisenhower Administration has had seven years to fill the gap but hasn't done so. It would seem to be a genuine and legitimate political issue. The Gaither report, the Rockefeller report and the Democrats' own National Advisory Council have all pleaded for more money and more research. But how did the Democratic Congress, with two-thirds majorities, leave the matter? Instead of voting more money for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration budget, Congress cut it. The White House asked $530 million, the Democrats – bemused with the charge of "spenders" – cut it to $500 million. Maybe that extra money could not have been spent in the time available. But how do Democrats assail lack of Executive urgency if they show lack of legislative urgency?

The House refused, 256-133, to lift the 4¼ percent interest ceiling on long-term US bonds, a ceiling not breached in 41 years. House leaders pointed out that there is no ceiling on short-term notes which the Treasury could issue, and that no Treasury obligation of more than 5-year maturity came due 'til November 15, 1960. Perhaps by then, they said, the tight money policy would have passed.

The Treasury has now tested out the House directive by offering a $2 billion, 5 percent note issue that is "short term" (under five years). It has been a tremendous success, over-subscribed five and a half times. (This indicates too high an interest rate – but let that pass.)

For some reason advocates of high interest rates now argue that the episode proves their case. (There has been a nation-wide editorial campaign charging the Congressional vote was "inflationary.") If the Treasury could have issued 30-year bonds, they argue, a smaller interest might have been charged – say 4½ percent. This, they say, would have saved the Treasury money.

Well, the catch is, of course, that the high interest rate on bonds would have lasted 30 years. The policy would have been fixed for good, not only for government bonds but for all private competitive bonds, whose rate, of course, would have been still higher. By trying out the successful notes the emergency may be confined to five years or less.

The Weakest Sister

★ The Federal Communications Act of 1934 governs radio and TV and is quite out of date, and the seven-man board of the FCC which administers the act is probably the weakest sister of all the regulatory commissions in Washington. That is why the television quiz shows were rigged.

The Act was written in 1934 – seven years before the first television commercial; it applies only to individual stations, *not networks*, and it ambiguously bars "censorship," whatever that may mean.

As to the Commission – one ex-member is now on trial, and most of the remainder are shown to have taken sordid little favors from the industry they are supposed to regulate.

When Chief Justice Marshall lacked specific authority to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional he declared it unconstitutional anyway on his implied powers, and so fixed the path of evolution. The FCC has vast implied powers under its "public interest" clause but has done the industry's bidding and has refused to apply them to improve TV and radio programs.

The ether belongs to you and me. But unlike in other countries the Seven Dwarfs of the FCC parcel it out free to money-grabbers – just as we gave away our rivers, lakes and forests, 100 years ago. A TV station has sold for $9,750,000 – its chief asset the free gift of the channel that you and I gave it! There are 475 licensed stations in the United States.

Contestants in the defunct TV quiz show "21" were rehearsed to simulate strain, mop brows, gnaw fingernails before coming out miraculously with the rigged answers. Thirty million American suckers sat on the edges of their chairs vicariously thrilling at the gladiatorial agony of supposed get-rich-quick contestants. And it was all faked. It was done to sell Geritol – for "tired blood."

Let's not get hot under the collar, friends; let's not give way to intemperate indignation. It happened back in 1958, remember – *ages* ago. And it was all a lark anyway. Of course it did produce a certain amount of cynicism; that's rather bad in a democracy. And there are those radical sore-heads who remind us that Canada and England feel the air should be used affirmatively as an educational medium for social good. But how silly! Give us Geritol.

In the Pinch

★ Anyway you look at it Eisenhower's use of T-H in the steel strike is a move toward Federal regulation. He proclaimed he would stay aloof from strikers (in contrast to his naughty predecessors) but now he has abandoned his principle – at a time most favorable to management. The strike was beginning to pinch steel customers; the ore boats were going to be frozen in. Suppose we assume that society cannot tolerate national emergency strikes; then the inevitable logic is that society must regulate industries where they occur – as the US now does the railroads. If we regulate, we must consider not merely wages but profits. President Eisenhower may break this strike, but he has shown the direction that even conservatives must go.

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Deception on TV

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THE STAFF

Gilbert A. Harrison, Editor & Publisher
Helen Fuller, Managing Editor
Selig S. Harrison, Associate Editor
Robert Evett, Books & the Arts Editor
F. R. Ruskin, Assistant to the Publisher

Contributing Editors:
Frank Getlein, B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann, James E. King, Jr., Helen Hill Miller, Louis H. Pollak, Michael Straight

Cartoon:

15. St. Louis Post-Dispatch

There was collusion between contestants and producers on TV quiz shows. *Twenty-One* and *Tic Tac Dough*, neither of which is now seen, were rigged. For which stale news the reading public is indebted to the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight. The disclosures are a comfort to many whose self-esteem had been deflated by watching the ease with which common folk, with only a rubbing of foreheads and a wetting of lips, could remember so many dull facts.

NBC's response has been interesting, recalling earlier days when the possibility of scandal sent executives racing for cover. The network did not wait for charges to be preferred, let alone proved, against its employee Charles Van Doren before taking him off the air. It had no idea people cheated.

The whole affair is riddled with deceit, and not just the small deceit of quiz contestants being briefed in advance. Misrepresentation has long been rationalized as unavoidable in this competitive society where one plays the game to win. Did the producers and players think they were doing wrong? If they did, they quickly suppressed the thought. "I didn't think of it in terms of fraud," one contestant testified. "The excitement appealed to me." "I really didn't," another said. "I was perfectly blithe about it. They were having a happy time, I was, everybody was." The amorality has not shocked the public, for it is assumed that similar deceptions are practiced elsewhere. What would business be without deals, private understandings, faintly false claims? In what business are people expected to look gift horses in the mouth?

They came to a contestant's home in Forest Hills and asked: "How would you like to earn $25,000?"

"I said: 'Who wouldn't?' "

Forty-four million out of 51 million American households own one or more TV sets. On these sets were shown programs paid for by advertisers who last year, it is reported, spent $1,344,200,000. How honest is most of that advertising? It is a question that needs but has not had study by the Federal Communications Commission, the agency that is officially responsible for regulating the broadcasting industry. One may agree with the FCC Chairman, John Doerfer, that "there are many things that are fraudulent, deceitful and reprehensible that law cannot reach," but it would be helpful were the FCC to inform Congress and the public exactly what those "many things" are.

Or is it assumed that the public wants to be fooled, demands the

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illusion that plain girls can be transformed into Botticelli beauties by hair rinses and deodorants? Or that millions who have been smoking more and enjoying it less can enjoy it more by smoking more of another brand, perhaps one that offers a new high perosity cigarette paper? Or that the real joy of living is contained in a can of beer? Or that after the beer, relief is just a swallow away? Television needs investigating, but not by a Subcommittee or an FCC that strains at gnats and swallows camels.

A real investigation would center on a simple question: why is television so bad, so monotonous? The change over the past few years from Elvis Presley to Pat Boone is progress, from the obscene to the insipid. But is that the best TV can do? Must the majority of TV time be given to the romance of river boats and prairies, the adventures of dead-pan but hurting-inside detectives, the banalities of the "family shows," the weary insouciance of the Bings and the Frankies, the smiling but vacuous goings-on of Gale Storm, Donna Reed, Ernie Ford, Betty Hutton, June Allyson, Mickey Rooney, Ozzie and Harriet?

What can an eye-strained public swallow to get relief from the *Zane Grey Show, Lawman, Colt '45, Johnny Ringo, The Rifleman, Law of the Plainsman, Wagon Train, Death Valley Days, Tales of Wells Fargo, Broken Arrow, Buckskin, US Marshal, Laramie, Sugarfoot, Lone Ranger, Sheriff of Cochise, The Texan, Wichita Town, Rawhide, Tombstone Territory, Black Saddle, The Deputy, MacKenzie's Raiders* and *Cheyenne?*

Maverick, Have Gun Will Travel, Gunsmoke and perhaps one or two other Westerns are in a different class: they entertain.

Someday some Congressman (perhaps Rep. John Moss, Democrat of California, is the man) who feels strongly enough that this involuntary servitude of the TV viewer has gone on long enough will contest the claim of the television industry that the American people should be grateful they have "free" TV. He will point out that it means freedom to choose for the most part among the bad and the mediocre, or to turn the set off. He will acknowledge that TV can do great things: it has done them on news events and on such rare programs as *Playhouse 90*. Still, he will insist that in reaching for the largest possible audience at all times, television has betrayed its legal obligation to serve the public "interest, convenience and necessity."

The Congressman who asks the right questions will make enemies. The networks, ad agencies and sponsors will show him they can shoot faster than Wyatt Earp. But what a hero he would be to 44 million American households!

Tests for Rockefeller

Will he, won't he, will he, won't he, will he join the dance? Nelson Rockefeller has not said he won't. Meanwhile, he is devoting himself to the affairs of New York, and by the time the second session of the state legislature adjourns in early 1960, Rockefeller's reputation as a progressive and as a skillful politician will be higher than it is today.

But if he is to join the dance, must he not do it soon? If Richard Nixon were not the ubiquitous and practical man that he is, if he were not Vice President and so much a favorite of Republican voters, the answer might be different. As it is, Rockefeller's only chance, barring an act of God, would seem to lie in persuading a large number of convention delegates who lean to Nixon that the Vice President cannot win for the party – and that the Governor can. And to do this, Rockefeller must go to the country, speak his piece and let the voters feel his presence. His position is the reverse of Nixon's: the likelihood of his being elected is greater than of his being nominated.

Yet the Governor hesitates to commit himself publicly. He receives letters urging him to run, he listens to the stream of visitors and he takes note of the polls. But he must also be asking himself some questions which neither his admirers nor the polls can answer for him.

On what grounds would it be proper for him to challenge Mr. Nixon? They have known each other some years, they have worked together on such matters as a more liberal foreign trade and aid policy. Since Rockefeller's decision cannot be made on the basis of personal fancy or ambition alone, he must be asking himself whether he trusts Nixon on the great issues which the Rockefeller reports have helped illuminate? Is he even reasonably confident that Nixon as President would provide the sophisticated and imaginative statesmanship America's world position requires? And since it is certain that another Republican President would have to work with a Democratic Senate and probably a Democratic House, does Rockefeller think Nixon is suited by temperament or past experience to lead a coalition government? If the answer to that question is "yes," there is no reason why he should not do as Harold Stassen did before him: nominate Mr. Nixon himself.

Since the New Hampshire primary comes first, that is the first decision that has to be made. It has not been made. An influential state committee is working to win pro-Rockefeller delegates next spring, but it will take active campaigning by the candidate himself to cut down Nixon's commanding lead in that state. It is estimated that as of today Rockefeller could count on the

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editorial support of only a minority of newspapers in New Hampshire. None of the top elected officials has become a Rockefeller ally. Nearly the whole GOP organization in New Hampshire is committed to Nixon.

When the Governor visited Dartmouth recently, few who met him could resist him. But one visit doesn't make a campaign, especially since Mr. Rockefeller declined to say then whether he would even permit his name to be entered in the state's popularity contest next March. He went only so far as to say privately that he would not consider the Vice Presidential nomination.

Getting Off the Ground

The best explanation of why the Russians continue to dazzle us with space feats which we cannot equal for a long time came from Premier Khrushchev himself. "It's not that they [the US] don't have enough dollars," he told a crowd in Vladivostok on October 6. "They have plenty of dollars. It's not that they have no materials. They've got materials. It's not that they have no scientists. They've got scientists too. What is it, then, that they haven't got?

"They haven't got the order we have."

In which analysis the *Wall Street Journal* concurs: "No one can feel very comfortable . . . in light of the conglomeration of agencies, military and civilian that are involved in [our space programs]," the *Journal* editorialized after the latest moonshot. "Authority for this or that keeps changing; instead of clear purpose there seems to be disorientation. . . . "

A case in point is the recent decision to reverse the step taken after the first Sputnik to coordinate all military space efforts through the civilian-led Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA) of the Defense Department. Development of space vehicles under revised present plans will revert to the various services, with the Air Force in final control of operations – a definite setback when ARPA was beginning to operate with a force and effectiveness no one of the military services can summon.

Outside the Pentagon, the problems which passage of the National Space Act was supposed to solve are still haunting us. Division of authority between the National Aeronautics and Space Agency and the Defense Department remains cloudy. Waiting for the President's decision on his return from Palm Springs was a major dispute over the contemplated economy of cancelling the Saturn-rocket-engine project – the most immediate hope for developing the propulsive force to launch a heavy payload into space – and the break up of the successful Army team of German experts under Werner Von Braun by transfer to the Air Force. The necessity to make that decision could provide the President with an opportunity to bring about some of the "order" Mr. Khrushchev correctly surmised is lacking. And the magnitude of this latest Soviet moonshot should quicken the realization of how much this is needed.

The firing of the Russian lunar rocket demonstrates that the Soviets have available not only a giant booster with a thrust of at least a half-million pounds but also the necessary velocity and guidance control for lunar orbiting. It is estimated that the angle of injection in the final flight path was accurate within 20 seconds of arc and within five feet per second out of a burn-out velocity of about 36,000 feet per second.

But more was demonstrated than merely Russian possession of larger rockets than ours, with more precise guidance; by concentrating most of their energies on a few rockets and by the use of highly trained craftsmen and precision manufacturing methods they can build equipment that works. While some military leaders in this country have consoled us with the promise that the Soviet firing has no military significance, there is no question that the technology which permits a country to launch a rocket on to the moon or around it is sufficient to permit the construction of Russian ICBMs with accuracy enough to hit targets in this country within a 10- to 20-mile radius – which is all that is necessary in the H-bomb age.

The Russians have done nothing magical; they have only applied "tried and proved techniques" with no diversion in nonproductive areas. The Russian space effort, however, suggests that they now have the hardware necessary for such attempts as Venus and Mars orbits and perhaps lunar soft landings. In the US, meanwhile, there is still an inclination to treat space as a mere out-growth of present-day aviation, instead of as the complete new dimension that it is.

APOLOGIES – *New subscribers may receive their* New Republic *dated October 12 before receiving the two previous issues (those carrying the first two articles on Richard Nixon). The fault is ours. Although some thousands of additional copies of the September 28 and October 5 magazines were printed, we failed to anticipate demand. However, both issues are being reprinted and will be mailed promptly.*

The Editors

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College Self-Criticism

The Presidential Room of Washington's Statler Hotel exhibits, evening after evening, the results of natural selection in American society. Politicians, lobbyists, welfare workers – a glance tells what kind of a meeting is going on; no need to consult the bulletin board. The species on exhibit on the occasion of the annual dinner of the American Council on Education last week was the college executive – chancellor, president, provost, dean, all readily distinguishable from the fat-or-lean, slick-or-disheveled professional academics such as attend annual meetings of the American Economic or American Political Science Associations in the capital. Handsome, plump, mature men, these; disciplined, even inured men skilled (and not only on the June commencement platform) in maintaining an attitude of discriminating attention during hour-long speeches. This year's subject of the ACE was "college teaching."

President Lee A. DuBridge of Cal. Tech., John W. Gardner of the Carnegie Corporation, and the Council's current chairman, O. Meredith Wilson of the University of Oregon, asked the executives before them questions barbed by the Nigerian proverb which Mr. Gardner quoted: "The man who owns the house knows where the roof leaks." Departing from the usual theme of Colleges in a Changing World, they asked each other what should be changed about the college.

There is a teacher shortage. Then what changes would produce more teachers and utilize them better? Said Mr. Wilson: "The PhD will remain the hallmark of academic respectability. But . . . like the Volkswagen, each new PhD looks like its predecessors. But beneath the surface, I'm assured that in this year's Volkswagen, 27 changes have been made. Not so the PhD."

There are vertical barriers between elementary, secondary, collegiate and now graduate teaching. But "if a prospective teacher may reasonably hope that appointment as an instructor in science in a secondary school may lead to a professional career respected by collegiate colleagues today and carry the promise of a career in college tomorrow, the whole teaching fraternity will be more attractive."

There are divisions between those who teach and those who are taught. Dr. DuBridge would prefer a university to be a center of companionable learning; he expanded on the extent of ignorance in all fields and of even the top people in the fields, and proposed research expeditions, in which professors and advanced students should jointly explore unknown areas.

The campus and the market place are adjacent. Mr. Gardner suggested that universities accept their current traffic with the rest of society as an enduring relationship, and hammer out principles to guide them in outside contacts, whether they be the independent activities of individual faculty members, receipt of research grants involving substantial amounts of university personnel, space, funds or acceptance of overseas contracts. Properly related to the university's mission of teaching and intellectual inquiry, outside functions can enable universities to open highways between the citadels of power and reflection. But there must be a set of priorities: in its absence, fishermen from the big world will continue "dangling bait before the fattest of the faculty trout," with the institution serving as a "sort of badly organized supermarket" in respect to what the outside world expects to rush in and purchase. Moreover, with a plan, what the university does in the world outside "would bear the indelible stamp of its commitment to the highest standards of performance, its habit of taking long perspective, its preoccupation with root problems, its intellectual approach to practical matters, its disciplined habit of mind . . . its . . . disengagement from the self-interested considerations which move protagonists in the day-to-day strife of the world."

Sharing the Aid Burden

In his speech to the European Parliament at Strasbourg on September 24, Walter Hallstein, president of the Commission of the European Economic Community, went beyond his past generalities about economic aid to underdeveloped countries and spoke of setting up "planning mechanisms" within the Commission to lay out a Common Market aid program. This declaration was followed 10 days later by a more significant statement of good intentions by Ludwig Erhard, West German Minister of the Economy. Returning from the World Bank meetings in Washington, Dr. Erhard asked his countrymen to consider "whether we have the right to enjoy all to ourselves the steady annual increase of six percent in our national product." He found it understandable "when it is said in the US that European countries must be prepared to do more henceforth."

A year ago or even six months ago the question of whether or not Western Europe would do more to help underdeveloped countries would have interested primarily the planners in aid-receiving governments. The new European contributions would simply be added onto what was expected from the US. But that was before the US balance of payments deficit in 1959, before opponents of aid in the Treasury and the Bureau of the Budget had set out further to reduce our modest appropriations for economic aid. Now a West European initiative has become a critical factor in the debate in Washington. What the Common Market countries and in particular the West Germans do to translate good intentions into cash will influence Congressional votes when foreign aid is considered again next year.

The Germans with their $4.5 billion in gold and dollar reserves can do the most; until now they have been

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most determined to do the least. Their interest has been not in aid but in a strictly-business promotion of their exports. West German exporters sell to underdeveloped countries on credit underwritten in large part by the Bonn Treasury. The arrangement has to date brought orders for goods from underdeveloped countries amounting to $3.04 billion. But the terms of the purchases are those of the market-place – six-percent-plus interest and repayment within four years, beginning immediately. They are not terms which ease the foreign exchange strains on less-affluent countries. By German standards it was a munificent gesture when Bonn extended some of India's obligations for three more years during the 1958 balance of payments crisis.

A shift from straight commercial promotion of West German exports to economic aid would require, first of all, a liberalization of present German credit terms; and more importantly, the extension of government-to-government credits, for it is these credits which can be allocated by receiving governments to those enterprises the governments deem most important for national development. Dr. Erhard has shied away from government-to-government loans because he says Germany cannot afford to emulate the generous US, and even if it could, does not wish to antagonize some countries by giving large-scale aid to other countries. This argument had more plausibility in the years before West Germany's astonishing economic revival. It is unconvincing today. The Germans must now choose between helping others as Germany itself was so generously helped, or pursuing their present policy of Germany First.

The test of future German intentions can most readily be applied in India, because it is here that the Bonn government has already made an exception to its rule against government-to-government loans (extending $40 million in credit last year); and it is here that there is real prospect of some cooperative Western effort. Shortly before adjournment, the Senate passed a resolution sponsored by Sen. John Kennedy calling on the State Department to invite representatives of Britain, France, Germany, Canada and Japan to join with this country in a survey mission to South Asia. The mission would report on what is needed by India and her five immediate neighbors and suggest what each donor's contributions should be. The Department is now contemplating the creation of such a mission by December.

Yet even if the West Germans do cooperate in extending significant government-to-government credits in South Asia, their credits, along with those of the British and the other governments, would in all probability remain tied largely to purchase of their own exports. And here is the nub of the dilemma for the US. The European countries can get away with saying where their aid contributions should be spent, because the prices of their goods are competitive in the world market. The US, however, has rapidly been pricing itself out of that market. India, for example, might not mind being obliged to buy certain amounts of German or British products for the prices of these products are comparatively attractive. But governments will not gladly spend borrowed money for US goods that could be had elsewhere more cheaply. The best illustration of this is that India has spent only $7 million of the $150 million Export-Import Bank loan of last year: the bids show that US machinery, which is the only kind for which these funds can be used, costs at least two and in many cases three or four times more than the same machinery available in Germany or Britain.

LONDON

Where Will Gaitskell Go from Here?

The triumphant size of Macmillan's majority gives no idea of the extraordinary excitement of the British General Election. When the announcement of Parliament's dissolution was made on September 8, there was not a single Socialist who seriously believed Labour had a chance of winning. Ten days later the atmosphere had so completely changed that the party had come to believe it had reasonable hope of being returned.

To understand why this happened one must go back a little and watch how the situation developed. The government's strategy was clear from the start. Since low voting is always more likely to help the Conservatives than the Labour Party, Tories very naturally decided to keep the temperature as cool as possible. Even Hailsham, the tempestuous chairman of the party, was full of sweetness and light. Indeed, the strain of loving his neighbors became so great at one point that he took to his bed with a fever.

At first the election went as the Tories had planned. There seemed no particular issue – nothing, in fact, to rouse the spirits of the voters. At this stage it looked as if the Tories would not only win but that they would probably get back with a much larger majority.

There then followed a highly dramatic change. Transport House, the Socialist headquarters, has for years been more like a tomb than the seat of a lively political organization. Not only has the staff been underpaid and overworked but the outlook of officials has often seemed curiously old fashioned and unadventurous. Im-

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agine then the surprise of the Tories when the Labour machine suddenly took charge and in the next few days did all the running, while the Tories remained mum hoping against hope that the excitement would mercifully die down. Transport House raised issue after issue and accused its enemies of every sin in the calendar.

And this was by no means the government's only worry. Gaitskell began to emerge as the most formidable figure in the campaign, and indeed there have been times during these last three weeks when one has scarcely recognized him. He has been quite brilliant on television. He has been good-tempered. He has argued his case with lucidity but without talking down to audiences. Even more important, he gave the impression of being a deeply honest man who meant what he said and was fearlessly telling the truth as he saw it.

The result of all this was a marked swing against the government. When the campaign opened, the Gallup Poll put the Tories five and a half points ahead – a lead that would have sent Conservatives back to Westminster with a majority of about 125. After the first few days the graph began to fall with ominous steadiness. The Conservatives' lead was cut to 3 percent and then to 1.5 and then to nothing at all. Although the final figures of the public opinion polls were to prove misleading, their findings were followed at the time with anxiety by Conservatives and Socialists. Thus when the Labour Party drew level and Gallup said that there were more potential Socialists among don't-knows than there were Tories, Transport House gave way to rapturous prophecies of victory.

While the Tories certainly didn't give way to panic it eventually dawned on them that their original strategy had failed. It was all very fine to appear dignified and to make an occasional speech about how lucky the British people were to have such a wonderful government, but after a time the Conservative attitude began to look very like complacency. When they awoke to this – and not a minute too soon – Conservatives wasted no time. The order was given to attack and although there was no mud slinging and no unworthy scares, the last days were much livelier than had seemed likely when the campaign opened.

Such is the brief story of the election, and now the British people are wondering a little uneasily what the next five years are going to bring them. There are those who think Macmillan's majority is much too large and that egged on by wild men of the party he will be tempted into a rash struggle with the trade unions. That possibility, though it exists, seems greatly exaggerated. Macmillan has never been an extremist – he still talks of the horrors of unemployment before the war – and his prestige is now so great that even if the reactionaries made trouble he has the authority and the will to keep them in order. Nor is he the only guarantee against an attack on organized labor. Two of his more powerful colleagues, Butler and Macleod, are firmly on the Left of the party and would certainly oppose any irresponsible lurch to the Right. Indeed, they foresaw the dangers of a swollen Conservative majority long before the country went to the polls.

As for the Labour Party, this has been one of the worst moments in its history. To be defeated three times in succession is bad enough: to be both overwhelmed and to find the despised liberals growing in strength and cockily putting themselves forward as the true Radical Party adds desperation to their disappointment. A few years ago there would have been little doubt what would now happen to the movement. There would have been a murderous attack on Gaitskell, and indeed some Socialists despairing of victory were sharpening up their knives even during the first few days of the campaign. The atmosphere is very different at the moment. Gaitskell has behaved with such dignity and has so grown in stature that any move against him would seem to have little hope.

Besides he has no serious rival. Bevan is hardly more than a whisper of his old self and is still regarded with so much suspicion by his former playmates that it is extremely doubtful whether he could raise an army if he decided to rebel against his leader. Of course he must now be a very angry and disillusioned man, and it is conceivable that he might, like Samson, pull down the temple in his agony. But he is aging and tired and, although still given to bouts of spite and hatred, it is doubtful whether he has either the energy or the will to lead a sustained revolt.

There are two other possible contenders for the throne – Harold Wilson and Frank Cousins. Wilson is clever, ambitious and ruthless: all the same he is still in his forties, and it would seem foolish of him to risk everything on a doubtful gamble when he has only to wait to get the succession for the asking. Cousins, on the other hand, may well make trouble. He is not only an idealist and an old-fashioned Socialist: he has an advantage that Bevan never had. He is the head of the largest union outside Russia and can cast more than a million votes at the annual conference of the party.

But although Gaitskell needn't worry very much about his own position, it remains true that he must now make the most difficult decision of his career. The Labour Party cannot go on like this or it will be defeated yet again – and that would mean its ruin. Gaitskell's first instinct will be to abandon the last remnants of nationalization, but if he does he will at once provoke revolt from the Left. He might try to get free of the incubus of trade unions, but although this might help him politically he would lose a large proportion of the party's income. Whatever he does will create new headaches. Indeed, the great fascination of British politics during the next five years will be to see how Gaitskell solves this desperate problem. Hugh Massingham

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BONN

The Firmness and Finesse Of Dr. Adenauer

Four months after the "Chancellor Crisis" of June – when Dr. Adenauer reversed his decision to stand for the Federal Presidency, flouted his Minister of Economics, Professor Ludwig Erhard, and infuriated many of his Christian Democratic followers – seems as remote as the days when Germans were short of bread. Adenauer is himself primarily responsible. Every astute politician knows how to rebound, at the exactly right psychological moment. The Chancellor "lay low" in his summer holiday resort of Cadenabbia in Northern Italy. With typical astuteness he let the long Parliamentary holiday, with its overload of sunshine and its aftermath of the most golden autumn that Germany has seen for 200 years, do the work of calming agitated nerves and assuaging offended feelings – the work which he would not undertake himself. But he returned to Bonn with his plans for the next three years ready to be carried through with his own particular amalgam of mental inflexibility and verbal finesse.

Dr. Adenauer intends to lead the Christian Democrats to victory in the 1961 Federal Election and to be elected himself as Chancellor for the fourth time. He intends to remain Chancellor as long as his health permits – and he is happier today about his powers of recuperation and survival than for two years past. He will place the Christian Democratic Party more securely under his personal control than ever before. Finally, he will pursue his present foreign policies undeviatingly, for he believes that the Communist threat is at least as great as it ever was and that Khrushchev's effort to win the Cold War on the economic front is more dangerous than a Soviet policy of bluster backed by physical force.

That Adenauer intends to remain Chancellor until 1963, at least, is not as surprising as it would seem superficially. His dream of a 10-year term as President – to follow the 10 years as Chancellor and to make, with it, an "Adenauer era" of deathless fame in German history – has vanished for good. The Chancellor will therefore strive to remain in power for as long as is humanly possible (politically, it will not be difficult). He will let his party grow used to the idea that he will not have Professor Erhard as his successor. He will, perhaps, seek to build up his favorite disciple, the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Gerhard Schroeder, for the post. But he will not worry about this unduly for the moment; Adenauer is, after all, still a stripling of only 83.

Of more immediate concern is the strengthening of the Chancellor's grip over the Christian Democratic Party. Utterly smudged-out by time are those pictures of small groups of agitated and angry colleagues who were vowing in June to use the curb and snaffle on their Chairman. The "great revolt" against Adenauer's dictatorship within the party died miserably, as an embryo. When Adenauer, in one vital meeting of the Christian Democratic Parliamentary Party in June, outfaced the President of the Bundestag, Eugen Gerstenmaier, it was all over. Yet few members could have foreseen the vigor with which Chancellor Adenauer set to work to "rediscipline" his party after returning from his Italian holiday.

The "rebels" had proposed a "party reform" which was expressly designed to limit Adenauer's authority as Chairman. Dr. Adenauer tore the reform program to shreds. Not content with this, Adenauer asked that the 1961 election candidates should be chosen centrally – in fact, by himself – instead of by their *Laender* and their constituencies. He also asked for the appointment of a General-Secretary, who will work at his orders and will coordinate the Federal Party more closely than before. When the next Party Congress takes place – in Karlsruhe next April – Dr. Adenauer is expected to propose that membership of the party become a federal matter and not one for the individual *Laender*.

The Chancellor, in fact, will strengthen his control of his party by centralizing it under the watchword "we must have greater coordination and activity, in face of the continuing Communist threat to Western Europe." At the party meeting on September 28, when he forced his views through, it was ironical that the special vote of thanks was proposed by his former critic, Dr. Gerstenmaier. And the leading spokesman of "states rights," Dr. Dufheus from North Rhine Westphalia, proposed the creation of an "Adenauer fund" to finance the "development of party ideology." So much for the banner-bearers of revolt against the "Old One" and his absolute authority.

The eyes of the Christian Democratic Party are now fixed, with a sleep-walker's certainty, on the 1961 Federal Election. It is an evil of most Western European democracies that to govern is all; to allow the Opposition to govern, ever, is criminal. It is no coincidence that Adenauer's successful assertion of absolute control of his party was followed almost immediately by Dr. Schroeder's announcement of the new "Radio Law," under which the Federal Government and the Christian Democratic Party will secure a great measure of control over two new radio corporations (for foreign and for "all-German" broadcasts) and over a second television program. There is no need to project these events into the realms of nightmare; there will be no second Hitler-like dictatorship in Germany. But the greater part of it is going to be more subject to the will of one man than ever – until 1963, at least.

Terence Prittie

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Francois Mauriac

Notes on America

Novelist and winner of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1952, a French Catholic reflects on the contradictory character of American life – its materialism and its morality

I have never visited the United States. . . . What for? Its people have done much more than to visit us: they have transformed us. The rhythm of our daily life harmonizes with theirs. Their music orchestrates our days with millions of records. Thousands of films, on all the screens of Paris and the provinces, impose on us, in every form, their idea: a certain kind of stereotyped woman, the interchangeable star that any Brigitte may become; but above all, the worship, the idolatry of technique, of all techniques invented by man and to which man becomes a slave, the madness of speed, this gid which affects all the sheep of the West, this jarring from which none of us escapes: an excess in all things, which is the thing in the world least consistent with our genius.

"One doesn't understand anything about modern civilization," wrote Georges Bernanos in 1945, "if one doesn't first admit that it is a universal conspiracy against every kind of inner life. . . ." Yes, against everything that will have had some value for the people of my kind: a quiet life in an ancient house where those who were our fathers and whom we loved lived before us, and from where we wish to depart as little as possible, because it is where we live in communion with the earth and where the constellations are familiar to us and where the wind in the branches speaks to us with a human voice. I hate everything that interrupts reflection, everything that violates silence, except music which does not disturb silence because it is born of it and feeds on it (the opposite of the music which proceeds from jazz).

Of course, all Americans are not the same. Many react as I do to the world of today, to its uproar, to its stupid "fidgeting." Without doubt there are some meditators among them (our own Julien Green is American). And their whole literature must be studied from this point of view. The progress of Catholicism in the United States does not appear to be going in the direction of inner life. What do I know about it after all? I had the honor one day of lunching at the same table as the very likable Cardinal Spellman, but my whole being drew back: most probably I would have felt closer to the Dalai Lama.

I agree: the world would have known scarcely any progress if it had been peopled only by minds of my kind. They advance backwards, their eyes fixed on the past which charms them and enslaves them, prisoners of their childhood from which they have never freed themselves; prisoners of themselves above all and of their own enigma. I admire and I love the President of the United States, although nothing in me is in tune with the civilization that he represents, against which I struggle, even though it overruns my own life and even though every day I depend more on its techniques: this is the contradiction that astonishes me and that I wish to clear up.

What attaches me to the President is difficult to define. It is easy to criticize the policy of the United States, to make much of its failures. The manners of its politicians have not always had a good press in the world. And yet a certain moral element, a preoccupation of a spiritual nature penetrates its policy, realistic as it may be. The will for power of this nation, which dominates the West, is not less than the one of the giant on the other side or that of the old nations of Europe. But an anxiety penetrates it, the sense of responsibility toward the weakest, the most deprived; and at the same time a great patience, the art of closing its eyes and letting itself be relieved of its dollars . . . Oh! I don't pretend that it is a nation of lambs. It would not have won the war if it had been a nation of lambs. I am thinking less of the atomic bomb than of the methods which have permitted it to win and from which we ourselves suffered. I again quote Bernanos: "The war material must burn, erase, level to the ground. After which the troops may pass."

All that is true; nevertheless the original puritanism which impregnates American policy remains visible and effective. One would say that the leaders of this people are conscious at every moment of the account that they will have to render. The question that will be asked of each of us: "What hast thou done with thy brother?" – and it is on that that we will be judged – without doubt they believe that it will be asked also of the ruling people who, from one epoch to the next, will have imposed their law on the world.

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IF KHRUSHCHEV
WHY NOT TITO?

Although it was never officially confirmed, it is known that in December, 1956, President Eisenhower invited Marshal Tito to come to the United States the following April. That invitation was denounced by the Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus who said it would "grievously offend our more than 30 million Catholics." A petition opposing the visit was circulated in the Congress by two Democrats, John McCormack and Ray Madden, and two Republicans, Kenneth Keating and Gordon McDonough. The Administration, showing none of the resolution it later displayed in inviting Nikita Khrushchev, said nothing. The conduct of foreign affairs thus slipped into the hands of a legislative minority, responsive primarily to the prejudices of constituents. But times have changed. In the matter of the Khrushchev trip, Senator Keating said on August 3, 1959, that "the final decision should rest with the President." A Tito visit in 1957 would, as Secretary Dulles said at the time, have served a "useful purpose." It would do so today. Unlike the Soviet Premier, the head of the Yugoslav state has not – in Berlin or elsewhere – banged on the door demanding admission. He has made no threats. He is not even asking for more United States aid, since as Mr. Willen *reports in this article, production in Yugoslavia is advancing at a surprising rate. Tito should again be urged to come. And if if they can do nothing more diplomatic, critical Congressmen might now be willing at least to give consent by their silence.*

Boom in Yugoslavia

by Paul Willen

A curious footnote to the growing prosperity of Europe comes from Yugoslavia, a land not exactly celebrated for its commercial acumen. In both agriculture and industry, 1959 promises to be a year of broad, even spectacular, advance – capping a six-year economic march which is one of the most rapid in Europe, and which has given Yugoslavia's cities an air of opulence and smartness equalled elsewhere in Eastern Europe only perhaps by Prague.

For the Belgrade government this success could hardly have come at a more opportune moment; at the very time of a Soviet-led campaign to demonstrate the weakness of Yugoslavia's "revisionist" economy. In July, Soviet critics were explaining why Yugoslavia, with its predominantly independent farm system, could make no real progress in agriculture; in August, with the largest harvest in Yugoslavia's history bulging in hastily-constructed warehouses, the Yugoslavs could calmly reply that, for the first time since 1949, they would not need to import grain from the United States.

If there was astonishment in the East, Yugoslavia's Western critics were just as dumbfounded, especially when direct word of the good news was brought to America by the emigré Yugoslav sculptor, Ivan Mestrovic, after his first visit home in 17 years. In the wake of these events, and with the precedent created by the Khrushchev visit, rumors have begun to circulate that Marshal Tito's hopes for a visit to the United States will at last find fulfillment.

Even if not always susceptible to comparison with Western categories of measurement, the statistics are impressive. Since 1953, when Yugoslavia broke out of the Cominform blockade, the average rate of industrial growth has been over 13 percent annually – reflecting the emergence of a modern chemical industry, the expansion of the country's small but bustling ship-building industry on the Adriatic, a vastly increased exploitation of an enormous hydroelectric potential, an impressive (if still inadequate) housing program, and a consumer goods' manufacturing industry which is, at long last, making a visible dent in the nation's low living standards.

The figure of 13 percent annual industrial growth compares favorably with all of the Soviet satellites (excepting Albania), as well as with the USSR itself. Yugoslavia's industrial products, while still not competitive on the world market, are of sufficient quality to make possible the opening up of sizable markets in the Mid-

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dle and Far East, as well as, surprisingly enough, in South America, where a trade mission recently completed a successful tour.

The agricultural resurgence dates from 1954, when production was still below prewar levels. Crops have fluctuated a good deal from year to year – the odd years being good, the even years bad – but the trend is sharply upward, with expectations (already largely confirmed) of a 1959 crop in excess of the prewar average by close to fifty percent. The climatic conditions are, of course, in part responsible. But even last year, when there was a severe drought, production was well above prewar standards. Observers credit the improvement to increasing peasant confidence in the regime's intentions, greater use of fertilizers, an increase in farm machinery and know-how, and a new Italian wheat strain first tried out experimentally last year.

To be sure, Yugoslavia remains one of the poorest countries in Europe, where living standards, especially in the south, are extremely low. If Belgrade looks opulent compared to Sofia, the wealth of the Italian city of Trieste still overshadows its Yugoslav neighbor Rijeka, 30 miles down the Adriatic.

Indeed, it should be pointed out that the use of 1953 as an index of industrial growth gives a somewhat distorted picture. While 1948-53 were years of semi-paralysis in Yugoslavia, they were years of significant industrial advance in the other Communist countries. The Yugoslavs may, with justice, blame the relative stagnation of those years on the Soviet economic blockade; but the Belgrade regime must, in turn, assume responsibility for its earlier decision – in 1945 – to place the country in a position of such easy vulnerability to the whims of a single foreign power.

Below the Surface

Signs of dissatisfaction persist inside of Yugoslavia. Last year's sit-down strike of Slovenian miners in Trbovlje, defying the regime's no-strike laws, showed there was vigorous resentment against both wages and the distribution of "profits" among the workers and managerial personnel. In spite of sharp curbs placed on bureaucratic financial aggrandizement – such as last year's effort to crack down on extensive private use of official cars – the basic inequalities Milovan Djilas condemned five years ago remain a source of potential conflict.

This year's student demonstrations in Zagreb and Skopje also indicate that popular unrest is not altogether muffled by the new wave of prosperity, and that it can surface as popular expectations soar. The regime's decision to check growing popular financial independence – by curbing private medical practice and placing heavy duties on gifts from abroad – also reflect the continuing tension between the central authority and the proliferating agencies of Yugoslavia's decentralized economic life.

But having gone through nearly 20 years of the most savage kind of chaos, bloodshed, and privation, many Yugoslav families are finally beginning to piece together a decent life: something approaching ample living space, a private kitchen with the modern essentials, a modest assortment of good-looking clothes for each member of the family, a new camera or radio for some, and a set of handsome furniture for the newly married children. Pride of possession slowly returns to family life. And for many young people the technical training for which they sacrificed so much in the difficult years is at last beginning to show some return, in wages and advancement. In short, the same national energies which had been devoted, for two decades, to an essentially political struggle have now been largely diverted into an economic one.

Picturesque peasant traditions, ancient rivalries between Croats and Serbs, Communist fanaticism and Irredentist passions – which produced so many violent struggles – have been attenuated in a new age pioneered by supermarkets and credit plans. The traveler who searches in Yugoslavia for the mystique of Rebecca West's *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* will have to travel far off the main roads and even then may be disappointed.

If the Yugoslav development is a surprise to both Eastern and Western observers, it is also something of a surprise to Belgrade planners themselves, who are exactly one year behind in their estimates and who may have underestimated the vigor and resourcefulness of the competitive forces unleashed a decade ago by the policy of decentralization. In other words, close study may well show that the initiative and self-interest of local enterprises are forcing the pace of the planners – as much, at any rate, as the planners are guiding local authorities.

It would be wrong, however, to seek a purely ideological explanation for this economic strength. There are larger forces at work – the energy of the Yugoslav people, and more particularly, of the general European community in whose economic renaissance the Yugoslavs have shared. In its formal declarations of state, Belgrade remains neutralist, avoiding any formal commitment to the organs of growing Western European unity; but in the day-to-day contacts of culture and commerce the country's orientation is largely Western. In this respect, it is pertinent to note the decision, taken this year, that virtually eliminates the use of visas for the foreign traveler in Yugoslavia; the interchange between bustling Yugoslavia and the West can only continue to grow.

PAUL WILLEN, *a specialist in East European affairs, has visited Yugoslavia frequently in the last five years.*

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THE FACTS ABOUT NIXON – IV

The campaign strategy devised by publicist Chotiner and ably executed by candidate Nixon ended the political career of Rep. Jerry Voorhis in 1946. The loser was on the defensive from the start and never overcame the suspicion, carefully cultivated, that he was "soft" on Communism. In the 1950 Senatorial battle against Helen Douglas, it was the same pattern – with variations.

A Lady Named Douglas

by William Costello

By 1949 Nixon was armed for bigger game. He had the Hiss case behind him. He had demonstrated the viability of Communism as an issue. In 1948 he had won re-election in the primary, running unopposed on the Republican ticket and winning handily over Stephen Zetterberg, Jerry Voorhis' former administrative assistant, in the contest for the Democratic nomination.

Nixon's opportunity to make the 1950 race for the Senate came as the result of a quick double-play in the Democratic Party. Sen. Sheridan Downey, who had served the California oil interests loyally, had intended to run for re-election despite poor health; but he backed away precipitately from the effort when Congresswoman Helen Gahagan Douglas announced she would oppose him for the nomination. With Downey out of the race, the Republican nomination took on new value; moreover, the California oil interests needed a friendly candidate, since Mrs. Douglas, a liberal New Dealer, was openly hostile on the tidelands and other oil issues.

The choice fell easily on Nixon. For one of his special campaign talents, 1950 was a providential year. It was the year in which Joe McCarthy launched his shrill crusade against "Communists in government." It was the year of the Korean War. It was the year in which the Communist issue took a sinister turn in the Smathers-Pepper contest in Florida, in the Monroney-Alexander contest in Oklahoma, in the Tydings-Butler race in Maryland, the Graham-Smith runoff in North Carolina and the Thomas-Bennett race in Utah.

It was the year in which a young Congressman like Nixon need have no hesitation in pointing a finger of partisan scorn at the White House itself. After President Truman had asserted that under his Administration the position of the United States had improved on the world front, Nixon on May 2 during the primary campaign told a reporter for the *San Diego Journal* that he considered Truman's claim "the most dishonest remark in America's political history."

"There is no question that we have been losing the Cold War," he went on. "You seriously wonder if a man is qualified to lead this nation after such a statement as Truman made."

The conspicuous feature of Nixon's primary campaign against Mrs. Douglas was a handbill sent to all registered Democrats and captioned, "As one Democrat to Another. . . ." Inside were photos of his family and the candidate as a war hero, and the story of his part in the Hiss case. Since it was not always easy for busy and uninstructed voters to tell a Democrat from a Republican in cross-filing California, this handbill, which never identified Nixon as a Republican, probably went a long way toward confusing the electorate.

Nixon's efforts in the primary also received a valuable assist in the campaign waged by Manchester Boddy, publisher of the *Los Angeles Daily News*, who opposed Mrs. Douglas for the Democratic nomination. It was Boddy who first referred to Mrs. Douglas and her supporters as "red-hots," at a time when the word "red" meant only one thing in California. In a desperate effort to keep party control in the hands of the conservative Downey faction, Boddy charged that he found evidence of a "statewide conspiracy on the part of a small subversive clique of red-hots to capture, through stealth and cunning, the nerve centers of our Democratic Party."

What Boddy actually did was to give the Nixon headquarters a campaign windfall, and Murray Chotiner lost no time in capitalizing on it. In the campaign manual sent to every Nixon worker he said: "We must appeal to Democrats to help win the election. Therefore, do not make a blanket attack on Democrats. Refer to the opposition as a supporter of the socialistic program running on the Democratic ticket."

Later when the going got rough, Chotiner sent campaign chairmen a memorandum headlined "Important Strategy" and warning: "Helen Douglas is trying to portray a new role as a foe of Communism. Do not let her get away with it! It is a phony act."

Nixon himself had warned immediately after the June 6 primary that he would force Mrs. Douglas to

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"tell where she stands. If she doesn't, I'll do it for her," the Congressman said.

The outcome of the primary seemed to indicate the contest would be close. Nixon polled one million votes, Mrs. Douglas 890,000. In addition, there were approximately 725,000 "swing" votes, of which 535,000 had been cast for Manchester Boddy. If party loyalties prevailed, it looked like a photo-finish.

Three weeks after the primary, Korea was afire and history had joined Nixon's campaign apparatus. Months earlier the Congressman had intended to concentrate on the New and Fair Deals; at a dinner announcing his candidacy, November 3, 1949, he had told a Los Angeles audience: "Believe me, I am well aware of the Communist threat and I do not discount it. But I am convinced that an even greater threat to our free institutions is presented by that group of hypocritical and cynical men who, under the guise of providing political panaceas for certain social and economic problems in our society, are selling the American birthright for a mess of pottage."

In his Lincoln Day address, he hammered again at the theme of socialism. "The Soviet Union is an example of the slave state in its ultimate development; Great Britain is half-way down the same road; powerful interests are striving to impose the British socialist system upon the peoples of the United States."

After the outbreak of fighting in Korea, the priorities changed but he lost neither an issue nor momentum. Communism became the paramount enemy, and Nixon's reputation as a young Red-hunter and as a conservative Republican made it easy for him to shift gears from socialism to Communism and back again until the two terms became almost interchangeable.

Exploiting the Moment

Some effort has been made to suggest that it was Nixon's staff rather than the candidate himself who was responsible for his running on the Communist issue, but Murray Chotiner has testified otherwise. Analyzing Nixon's skill in exploiting the mood of 1950, Chotiner recalled: "Practically everybody in the organization told Dick, 'You must not talk about Communism. It has been overworked'. . . . And I remember in case after case, Dick Nixon told audiences, 'I have been advised not to talk about Communism; but I am going to tell the people of California the truth, and this is one thing we cannot stop talking about as long as the menace of international Communism faces us here in the United States'."

Nixon fired his first broadside August 30 in a radio address originating in Washington; as headline catchers, he demanded on the one hand the resignation of Secretary of State Dean Acheson (a popular GOP gambit at that stage), and urged on the other hand a program of all-out mobilization, controls and higher taxes for victory in Korea. He said Truman's decision to fight in Korea "should have the wholehearted support of the Congress and the American people." This did not prevent him from charging that Mrs. Douglas "during the six years she has been in Congress, has consistently supported the State Department's policy of appeasing Communism in Asia, which finally resulted in the Korean War."

Mrs. Douglas, opening her campaign in a statewide broadcast September 6, described Nixon as a reactionary "beside whom Bob Taft is a flaming liberal." Her strategy was to run on the Democratic record, and to debate the mounting rural and urban problems of California, but instead she found herself at the very outset defending her own record in the fields of foreign policy, defense and opposition to Communist aggression. She had fought hard for the Marshall Plan, for reciprocal trade, for the mutual aid program and for measures to aid Korea, but her explanations and the fact that she had disregarded the political impact of a half-dozen key votes kept her on the defensive throughout the campaign.

In the official campaign on both sides, heavy emphasis was laid on voting records. Comparison was easy since both candidates had served in the House through the 80th and 81st Congresses, but once they took to the stump, scant attention was paid to these voluminous analyses. Instead the spotlight focused hard on a few key votes – those dealing with Korea, defense, internal security, Communist control and the Cold War.

In this struggle the Nixon headquarters went all out to exploit a device that had first cropped up in the Democratic primary, that of linking Mrs. Douglas' voting record with that of the ultra-left-wing Congressman, Vito Marcantonio of New York.

Even before the fall campaign was officially under way, Nixon's manager for Southern California, Bernard Brennan, issued a statement August 30 charging that Mrs. Douglas' "record as a member of Congress discloses the truth about her soft attitude toward Communism. During five years in Congress Helen Douglas has voted 353 times exactly as has Vito Marcantonio, the notorious Communist Party-line Congressman from New York. . . . How can Helen Douglas, capable actress that she is, take up so strange a role as a foe of Communism? And why does she when she has so deservedly earned the title of 'the pink lady'?"

Mrs. Douglas' anti-Communist credentials, like those of Jerry Voorhis in 1946, were unassailable; the Communists had denounced her repeatedly as a "capitalist war-monger," and she had earned distinction in the House Foreign Affairs Committee for her active support of anti-Communist measures. Nevertheless, in the 1950 campaign, she was the target of a calculated campaign to pin the Red label on her. Chief weapon in the Nixon arsenal was the "Pink Sheet," a leaflet which

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was to become a classic exhibit in the art of imputing guilt by association.

Headlined "Douglas-Marcantonio Voting Record," it began with these words: "Many persons have requested a comparison of the voting records of Congresswoman Helen Douglas and the notorious Communist Party-liner, Congressman Vito Marcantonio of New York."

This arbitrary twinning of their names contained a damning but fraudulent insinuation that there existed also an ideological alliance between Marcantonio and Mrs. Douglas; this false impression was reinforced when the Pink Sheet went on to assert:

> "Mrs. Douglas and Marcantonio have been members of Congress together since January 1, 1945. During that period, Mrs. Douglas voted the same as Marcantonio 354 times. While it should not be expected that a member of the House of Representatives should always vote in opposition to Marcantonio, it is significant to note, not only the *great number of times* which Mrs. Douglas voted in agreement with him, but also the issues on which almost without exception they always saw eye to eye, to wit: un-American activities and Internal Security."

To clinch the polemic, after alluding briefly to 24 of these votes and assuming the case to have been proved, the handbill concluded shamelessly that Nixon had voted "exactly opposite to the Douglas-Marcantonio Axis!" – as if an axis had been demonstrated.

The cold hindsight of history offers a less emotional insight into the record than that of the Pink Sheet. To begin with, the 354 votes alluded to in the Pink Sheet included many noncontroversial matters of relatively minor importance, matters on which Marcantonio usually voted as a Democrat, even though he was a member of the American Labor Party and had originally run for office on the Republican ticket.

One highly respected reference service, Editorial Research Reports, determined that during the five-year period covered by the 354 votes, there were actually 76 "outstanding" roll call votes in the House. On 66 of these Mrs. Douglas and Marcantonio voted the same way; and in 53 cases they were voting either with a majority of the House itself or with a majority of the Democratic Party. Hence, it would have been more meaningful to have accused Mrs. Douglas of having voted with a majority of the House or a majority of her party 85 percent of the time than it was to torture statistics to invent an imaginary "axis."

As for the 13 occasions on which Mrs. Douglas and Marcantonio were not aligned with such majorities, 11 dealt with such issues as housing, rent control, price controls and the like. Only two were concerned with matters of "internal security" – the Mundt-Nixon Communist control bill of 1948 which the Senate also refused to pass; and the McCarran internal security bill of 1950, when she voted to sustain Truman's veto.

Election Year Phenomenon

On issues of foreign policy, Mrs. Douglas voted with the majority, adhering to the bipartisan containment program on all occasions but one; that exception was the Greek-Turkish aid bill, the cornerstone of the Truman Doctrine. In the showdown vote, May 9, 1947, holding that Turkey's defense was first of all the responsibility of the United Nations, and that Greek aid following Britain's bankrupt blueprint would avail nothing, she voted "No" when the House turned down the amendments she proposed. Moreover, what the Pink Sheet did not point out was that the Greek-Turkish bill passed by a vote of 287 to 107; and among the 107 in opposition there were, besides Mrs. Douglas and Marcantonio, 94 Republicans. Again, in censuring Mrs. Douglas for voting against extension of the Selective Service Act in 1948, the Pink Sheet failed to point out that she voted for the bill on two other occasions, '46 and '50. In 1949 she voted for a 70-group Air Force and for expanding Army and Air Force manpower.

On 10 out of the 76 key votes, Mrs. Douglas and Marcantonio did not vote alike. Two of these bills were noncontroversial. Eight dealt in one way or another with Communism, and it is significant – at least so far as the Pink Sheet is concerned – that on these eight roll calls Mrs. Douglas' vote was cast to strengthen the

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American position overseas *vis à vis* Communism, not to weaken it as Nixon charged.

Part of the Pink Sheet attack on Mrs. Douglas hinged on the fact that on various occasions, five in particular, she had opposed the majority when the House voted contempt citations against recalcitrant witnesses, most of whom took the Fifth Amendment rather than answer questions about Communism. There can be no doubt that many witnesses were Communists or fellow-travelers, but that was not the only point at issue in all votes. Mrs. Douglas did vote for many contempt motions, including those citing Gerhard Eisler, Leon Josephson, Julius Emspack, William L. Patterson and two right-wingers, Edward A. Rumely and Joseph P. Kamp.

In the prevailing climate of opinion it was easier for Congressmen to go along with the majority – and Nixon's appeal was aimed at the popular mood – but there is at least this much to be said about the legal niceties of Nixon's 1950 polemic: that statistics vindicate Mrs. Douglas. In a staff study by the House Un-American Activities Committee, covering the period of March, 1947, to November, 1957, it was found that Congress voted a total of 83 contempt citations, of which 31 were on behalf of the Un-American Activities Committee. Indictments were returned by grand juries in 73 cases. Of the 73 cases that went to trial, juries in 43 cases voted for acquittal.

In other words, 30 persons were convicted out of 83 – approximately 38 percent. If such a quantitative breakdown means anything, it suggests Congress showed questionable judgment in 62 percent of the contempt citations – and any member voting in the negative, far from being pro-Communist, had better than a 50-50 chance of being right.

Formosa and Korea

Another set of controversial votes related to defense and Korea. Late in 1949, Nixon joined House Republicans in voting to cut foreign military assistance in half, but then voted for a House-Senate conference report restoring most of the cut after it had been amended to include Formosa. Mrs. Douglas tried to make an issue of the fact that on January 19, 1950, Nixon joined in a 192-191 vote that killed a bill providing $60 million in economic aid for Korea; the defense of Nixon and other followers of the China Lobby was that the bill contained nothing for Formosa, and he did in fact vote for Korean aid in another bill February 9 when it was coupled with an authorization to spend previously appropriated China-aid funds in Formosa.

Before the Senatorial campaign was 48 hours old, both sides had yelled "foul." By the end of September there appeared for the first time an appellation that was to plague Nixon throughout his political career: "Representatives of her Senatorial opponent, Tricky Dick Nixon," an editorial in the *Independent Review* asserted, "are the chief mouthpieces for this partisan effort to crucify Mrs. Douglas. . . ."

From that time on, to his enemies, Nixon became "Tricky Dick," and his bemused friends never ceased wondering what "indefinable" quality in his personality persuaded others to accept the nickname. It may or may not be relevant that Governor Earl Warren let it be known his organization would not lend active support in Nixon's campaign.

Meanwhile Nixon roared up and down the state in a station wagon, equipped with a record player and loudspeaker system. He made a thousand speeches in 16 weeks. Accompanied by his wife, an assistant and a driver, he started his days with a breakfast meeting at 8 o'clock. From then on, in a grass-roots appeal that crossed and criss-crossed the state, his itinerary called for stops at less than hourly intervals. In these appearances Nixon adhered generally to the "basic speech" that he had prepared at the outset of the campaign. "My opponent did not vote as a Democrat. She did not vote as a Republican. . . . It just so happens that my opponent is a member of a small clique which joins the notorious party-liner, Vito Marcantonio of New York, in voting time after time against measures that are for the security of this country."

In her counterattack Mrs. Douglas denounced "such pipsqueaks as Nixon and McCarthy who are trying to get us so frightened of Communism that we'll be afraid to turn out the lights at night." And in answer to Nixon's charge that she had voted repeatedly against authorizations and funds for the Un-American Activities Committee, her defense was that "the committee had become a court, with the power to smear innocent names across the nation's headlines, without even enough charity to invite its victims to appear before it in self-defense. . . . I do not believe in trial by headline."

Nixon apologists have blamed the press for the unflattering portrait of him that grew out of his earlier campaigns. This contention does not hold water. It does not explain why the press should have chosen to victimize an isolated Republican candidate, especially when newspaper ownership was predominantly Republican. Nor does it accord with other known facts. In 1946 Nixon had the support of 30 out of 32 newspapers in his district. In the 1950 primary a *New York Post* article reported that Mrs. Douglas had "been the subject of a virtual newspaper blackout." Publishers denied the charge and tried printing tabulations to disprove it, but the fact was that Mrs. Douglas felt herself obliged to buy radio time and newspaper advertising space in an effort to reach the voting public.

An independent survey of the 1950 campaign by the Institute for Journalistic Studies at Stanford developed statistically the fact that the press leaned heavily toward Nixon. Taking 12 papers – 9 supporting Nixon,

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two supporting Douglas, and one neutral, with total circulation roughly six to one in Nixon's favor – an actual count of news stories showed that friendly references to Nixon exceeded unfriendly references by 31.6 percent, while the margin of friendly over unfriendly references to Mrs. Douglas was only 2.4 percent. Using an index figure derived from these percentages, Nixon's net advantage over Mrs. Douglas was 29.2 percent. Although Mrs. Douglas toured the state like her opponent in a sound truck and handled herself well before audiences, it was a fact that she had difficulty in reaching mass audiences through the mass media, and if there was a press bias, it tended to favor Nixon rather than his opponent.

Only once did the 1950 Senatorial campaign touch the depths that were to be most fully explored in the 1954 election struggle. That was when Sen. Joseph McCarthy spoke on Nixon's behalf October 10 over a regional network from Los Angeles. In a sneering, hate-filled attack on the Truman Administration, McCarthy cried treason and joined Nixon in declaring that Dean Acheson must resign as Secretary of State: "He must go," said the Wisconsin Republican. "We cannot fight international atheistic Communism with men who are either traitors or who are hip-deep in their own failures. . . . Ask the basket-cases if they agree that Acheson is an 'outstanding American'. I am sure the mothers of America will notify the Administration this fall that there is nothing 'outstanding' about washing away with blood the blunders and traitorous acts of the crowd whom the Democrat candidates have pledged to protect if they are elected. . . . The chips are down . . . between the American people and the administration Commicrat Party of Betrayal."

The Back-Alley Campaign

At a still lower level, an even less prepossessing aspect of the campaign was fought out on Nixon's behalf in the back alleys of politics. An undercover campaign of anti-Semitic bigotry was directed by Gerald L. K. Smith, based on the fact that Helen Gahagan, herself of Irish descent, was married to Melvyn Douglas who was half Jewish.

Gerald Smith and his Christian Nationalist crusade was joined by Wesley Swift and his Anglo-Saxon Christian Meeting in all-out support of Nixon. As early as February 27, 1950, Smith told a meeting of his "crusade" that the man who uncovered Alger Hiss "is in California to do the same house-cleaning here. Help Richard Nixon get rid of the Jew-Communists."

After the primary Smith hammered on the theme: "Helen Douglas is the wife of a Jew. You Californians can do one thing very soon to further the ideals of Christian Nationalism, and that is not to send to the Senate the wife of a Jew."

Finally, Nixon in Washington said he had not asked for their support, but both Smith and Swift continued to campaign for him aggressively. No one suggested that Nixon was personally anti-Semitic; in fact, the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League issued a statement exonerating him completely from any taint of anti-Semitism; but the record indicates that on that occasion he looked the other way while the hate-mongers were tub-thumping on his behalf.

Subsequently, in a speech, October 19, 1952, alluding to Gerald Smith, Joseph P. Kamp and Gerald Winrod as "those who threaten civil rights from the Right," Nixon boasted of having opposed state Sen. Jack Tenney for the GOP nomination to a seat in Congress because Tenney had refused to repudiate Gerald L. K. Smith.

The China Lobby also made Nixon a temporary pawn in an international power play. After the Communist conquest of the China mainland in 1949, Chiang Kai-shek's agents in the United States hired a New York public relations firm, Allied Syndicates, Inc., headed by David Charnay, to represent the Bank of China. The China Lobby had two objectives: to force the removal of Dean Acheson as Secretary of State, on the theory that this exodus would open new avenues for renewing the struggle against Mao Tse-tung; and to prevent the recognition of Red China and the freezing of the Bank of China funds.

After Nixon's speech in August demanding Acheson's resignation, Charnay made a trip to California, where he was opening a branch office, and made it a point to meet Nixon October 8 at a Beverly Hills party. That same night, Charnay telephoned the New York apartment of Leo Casey, a member of his publicity staff, and ordered Casey to take a midnight plane for Los Angeles. There Casey organized the "Independent Voters Committee for Nixon," a paper organization whose publicity handouts found a ready welcome in the pro-Nixon press. Specifically, Casey said he worked hard to convince Negro voters that Nixon was their man because of his "liberal" views – although at the time Nixon himself had said: "I have been asked why I have

NEXT WEEK: *Nixon's part in the 1952 convention and how he secured the nomination*

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not appealed to minorities. Because in my opinion there are no minorities."

Not until the campaign was over did Leo Casey learn that he had been in California not to "open doors" as he was first told, but as an agent of the Bank of China. On a number of occasions he had seen, entering and leaving Charnay's office, and later conferring with Nixon, a dapper Chinese who was referred to as the "Major." Eventually, this Major proved to be Louis Kung, son of H. H. Kung, Chiang Kai-shek's brother-in-law. What shocked Mr. Casey (and what later impelled him to tell the story in Washington) was the order from a representative of Charnay's firm that he go to Washington when the new Congress met and "deliver Nixon to the Major." Mr. Casey replied he wouldn't think of "delivering" an American Senator to a foreign agent. Later, when he told the story in Nixon's office, the Senator thanked him noncommittally.

In a tactic that he was to exploit later on a national scale, Nixon exerted his best efforts to widen the breach in opposition ranks. First paying fulsome tribute to Democrats of an earlier generation, he proceeded to plead with true Democrats to seek refuge in Republicanism.

"Today, nationally and in our own state of California," he said, "it [the Democratic Party] has been captured and is completely controlled by a group of ruthless, cynical seekers after power, committed to policies and principles completely foreign to those of its founders. . . . Call it planned economy, the Fair Deal or social welfare – but it is still the same old Socialist baloney, any way you slice it."

As the campaign gained momentum, Nixon profited by a wide-open split in Democratic ranks. George Creel, known as President Woodrow Wilson's propaganda director in World War I, together with 63 other prominent Democrats, joined in a statement repudiating Helen Douglas and endorsing Nixon. Chotiner capitalized on this defection by publishing another handbill that pictured a smiling Nixon with smiling wife and babies, and saluted readers: "Fellow Democrats!" Inside, after quoting President Truman and Senator Downey, it went on to declare: "Is Helen Douglas a Democrat? THE RECORD SAYS NO!"

President Truman at a news conference went out of his way to speak approvingly of Mrs. Douglas and sent Averell Harriman, Attorney-General McGrath and others into the state to help, but it was far from an all-out effort and certainly far less than the Republican Party's effort on Nixon's behalf.

In the end Mrs. Douglas joined the hue and cry against Communism, and when she did that she was lost. As Chotiner testified later, she couldn't beat Nixon at his own game. He said: "Dick Nixon was talking about Communism at home . . . and Helen Douglas was talking about handouts. We could not outbid the Administration. We kept talking about a strong America . . . and what happened? Mrs. Douglas, in desperation, started to debate with Dick Nixon's issues. She made the fatal mistake of attacking our strength instead of sticking to attacking our weaknesses."

As the campaign drew to a close, the influential *Los Angeles Times*, pillar of Republican Party strength in Southern California, conceded editorially that California was "the only state where Communism becomes a main issue." And the *Times*, after calling Nixon "the most conspicuous opponent of Communism in Congress," went on to dismiss Mrs. Douglas as a "glamorous actress who, though not a Communist, voted the Communist Party line in Congress innumerable times. . . . the darling of the Hollywood parlor pinks and Reds."

In the closing hours of the campaign, the Nixon forces launched a telephone drive, promising that for anyone who answered his telephone saying "Vote for Nixon," there would be

> "PRIZES GALORE!!! Electric clocks, Silex coffeemakers with heating units – General Electric automatic toasters – silver salt and pepper shakers, sugar and creamer sets, candy and butter dishes, etc., etc. WIN WITH NIXON!"

The vote was 2,183,454 for Nixon; 1,502,507 for Mrs. Douglas – a plurality of 680,947. Nixon ran 7 percent ahead of the GOP Congressional slate, but 5.6 percent behind Governor Warren.

Organizations supporting Nixon reported campaign expenditures of $62,899, compared with Mrs. Douglas' $156,172 and Governor Warren's $324,000. Outside analysts concluded the Nixon campaign must have cost between $1,100,000 and $1,750,000.

The epilogue to this chapter in Nixon's career was written obliquely in January, 1957, when British publisher David Astor had a long off-the-record interview with the Vice President. As reported by a *New Republic* columnist (May 5, 1958), Astor was much impressed by Nixon's grasp of world problems but finally managed to ask how, in the light of present attitudes, he explained his campaign against Helen Douglas. Nixon looked up from his desk with dignified sadness and said, "I'm sorry about that episode. I was a very young man."

The fifth installment of Mr. Costello's "unauthorized biography," to appear next week, will cover Nixon's part in the side-tracking of Earl Warren's Presidential hopes, the nomination of Eisenhower and how Nixon was picked for second place.

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The Knighthood of J. D. Salinger

by William Wiegand

In his latest work of fiction, J. D. Salinger, speaking through a favorite narrator, makes the following observation about P. B. Shelley, a writer some one-hundred-odd years his senior: "I surely think," he says, "that if I were to ask the sixty-odd girls in my two Writing for Publication courses to quote a line, any line, from 'Ozymandias' or even just to tell what the poem is about, it is doubtful whether ten of them could do either, but I'd bet my unrisen tulips that some fifty of them could tell me that Shelley was all for free love and had one wife who wrote *Frankenstein*, and another who drowned herself."

Probably, it would be another safe bet, and one must assume Salinger knows it, that for every ten of Salinger's fans who know anything about the intellectual basis of Zen, a pet subject of his, or the contents of *The Bhagavad-Gita*, there are at least fifty who know that Holden Caulfield had to go to a psychiatrist ("it killed him, really it did"), and that Franny Glass wasn't pregnant after all. Salinger's Zen is to the faithful like Shelley's Platonism – vague and a little dry. But Holden and Franny – that's different. They are the author's kin, as much kin as Shelley's wives were to Shelley. Information about them is more than mere information; it is intimate lore. And discovering it has led naturally and indiscriminately to the quest for information about the paterfamilias, Salinger himself.

Nobody can fail to recognize that this rampant curiosity about the author – "lurid and partly lurid," Salinger calls it – is one of the most interesting aspects of his reputation. Just how intense the interest is may be hard to gauge, but if his experiences are anything like those of Buddy Glass, the writer through whom Salinger has written much in the last few years, the fifty are already beating a path to his door, planting tire tracks in his rose beds and asking him silly questions about "the endemic American *Zeitgeist*," just as they have done with Buddy.

This is remarkable devotion in a generation as cagey as the present one is supposed to be, and yet it might all be conceded to Salinger gracefully enough (fads being what they are) if the body of Salinger's admirers was confined purely to that undergraduate group which sees that it can follow Holden Caulfield's nice line between colloquial earthiness and colloquial mysticism without feeling either too far In or too far Out. But the group is much larger than that, and some people, outside it, have wondered why. About the only explanation Salinger has offered, as he no doubt recalls all the bad imitations of Holden Caulfield, is Buddy Glass' crack, "I have been knighted for my heart-shaped prose."

Going beyond that answer, certain critics, like Maxwell Geismar and John Aldridge, have tried to explain Salinger's appeal by examining some of his favorite themes. Geismar calls Salinger "the spokesman of the Ivy League rebellion of the early Fifties." "Ivy League" means to Geismar that it is a rebellion founded mostly on a dislike for the fancy prep-school phony who abounds in *Catcher in the Rye* and Salinger's other fiction. For Geismar, and for Aldridge too, the rebellion never quite transcends this adolescent pique at wrong guys and boring teachers. The sympathy of the undergraduate with Salinger can, by this line of reasoning, be reduced to the fact that he doesn't like his roommate any better than Holden does and that he may also share Holden's wish for deafness, or Teddy's wish for death and reincarnation in a quieter world where nobody, for God's sake, is lecturing at him on Western Civilization three or four mornings a week. For Geismar and Aldridge, the "rebellion," thus interpreted, seems irresponsible and "adolescent."

It is hard to argue with their opinion, except to observe that the derogation of "adolescent" has also been applied at different times to Goethe, Schiller, Sterne, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Fitzgerald, Wolfe, Hemingway and others. The trouble with such a reduction is that it tends to cancel out Geismar's equally interesting opinion that Salinger is "the ultimate artist of *The New Yorker* school of writing," a compliment which ought to have some bearing on our question. Beyond that, their assessment does not do much about telling why the "lurid or partly lurid" curiosity that has always distinguished the interest in Shelley turns today to somebody like Salinger rather than to other writers who are concerned with adolescent and pre-adolescent characters.

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Salinger's subject matter is not unique, nor are his positions quite as intelligible as the talk about rebellion would indicate. He has undercut almost every position he has taken, so much so lately that to call him the spokesman for anything seems bold. Probably, if we could find the True Blue Salingerite, that ideal reader who would remain staunchly superior to any *ad hoc* image of Salinger, he would be no more addicted to rebellion than he would be to Zen. He would, I think, be likely to say that he is interested in Salinger for no better reason than that Salinger's characters are so uncomfortably alive that one has a kind of irrational desire to keep after them and see if something can't be worked out. If pressed, he might guess further that Salinger made them uncomfortable quite deliberately, and that there is an apparently conscious development toward isolating and then enlarging upon the discomforts of the people he is writing about.

This may be put in terms of two propositions; first, that Salinger is offering something different, something presumably more provocative than other writers of his "school" – certainly a good reason for popularity. And, second, that he becomes increasingly interesting to follow because he has changed

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(and is changing) his own methods after a conscious pattern.

The first proposition is fairly easy to demonstrate. Compare any of Salinger's stories – they all deal more or less with the indigestible past – and the work of most of the other writers of Reminiscence fiction in *The New Yorker* and the little quarterlies. The difference is in the half-embarrassed attitude of Salinger's characters ("I did something very stupid and embarrassing." "Why do I go on like this?" "I'm a madman, really I am."). This is a bit more than a trademark; the writers of conventional Reminiscence avoid any tinge of self-consciousness like the plague. While they may be just as jealous of their hunting caps and crocus-yellow neckties as Holden Caulfield and Buddy Glass are, they make it all sound blithely natural and healthy. Where Salinger lurks off in the shadow of his banana tree, they plant themselves under a spreading chestnut, anyway something more solid and less sickly-green. They may experience the same reaction against Today, the same cherishing of Yesterday, but seldom see any implications in so much nostalgia.

The second proposition may be a little subtler. All writers develop in some fashion or other, but Salinger's development has been especially interesting. As with a singer who evolves a style slowly, much of the pleasure of the audience comes from knowing the stages in his growth.

Salinger's method has depended all along on a close personal touch with the reader, the shy advance and retreat, the candor about making mistakes, and the tacit assurance that his defenses will be seen through; but in its most recent manifestation it feels for the reader's very heartbeat, tries to catch every flicker of interest or disaffection. By reaching for this kind of communion, it must promise, above all, candor in the difficult writer-reader relationship. Many readers find this concern for staying honest with them particularly appealing; they truly believe (and why not?) that Salinger is trying to get at a more intimate and accurate vision of things than if he took one of the short cuts of form where truths become so facile that they seem more like lies.

Why can this be regarded as a "development"? Because in Salinger's early work, even the best, there was the tendency to take these short cuts, to slide through by means of an easy symbol or two, to settle for one of the standard explanations, or appearances of explanation. There, Salinger was criticizing a formulated and formulable society, and his writing derived from some wing of the proletarian tradition in which the gulf between the "lover" and the corrupted bourgeoisie causes most of the suffering of the protagonist. For example, the "banana fever" which afflicts Seymour in the 1948 story, "A Perfect Day for Bananafish" is a result, as far as we can tell, of his wife's failure of imagination as in the contrast between her telephone conversation with her mother, and Seymour's scene on the beach where he describes to a little girl the plight of a creature bloated with experience which weighs him down in a society he cannot escape.

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But after *Catcher in the Rye*, an impulse which was latent in the early work began to assert itself. It was an impulse to deal cautiously, but exclusively, with the emotional graph of a single personality: No moments of sudden truth to give the nice terminal epiphany, but rather a series of tentative illuminations, which confess, explicitly and implicitly, the speaker's lack of any all-encompassing revelation. In "Teddy" and "Franny," the strain of having to contrive a well-made story had started to show, and afterwards Salinger began his experiment with the longer novella. His distrust of what he calls "beginning-middle-end" fiction stemmed then most probably from his awareness of the easy facility not only of the work of others, but of his own. ("Pretty Mouth and Green My Eyes" may have seemed terse and calculable; "A Perfect Day for Bananafish" almost too tidily abstruse.) When Salinger returns to Seymour Glass in the middle-Fifties in order to do him right, Buddy Glass, Seymour's brother, is moved in to afford a kind of analysis that completely rejects conventional structural formula. Also, in the course of the three most recent stories, the social context in which Seymour moved has been largely forsaken.

At the same time, Salinger has found new ways to keep the reader oriented. While he violates most of the rules of the well-made story as well as the usually sacrosanct convention of self-effacement of the author, he still retains certain organizing principles. In "Seymour: an Introduction," the device is one familiar in lyric poetry. As the poets have catalogued the charms of their ladies, in "Seymour" Buddy takes up one at a time the pertinent characteristics and activities of his brother. A rather droll solution, it nevertheless provides a goal for the story; namely, to make the reader feel Seymour less as a saint and more as a human being. If I pull myself together, Buddy says, Seymour who has killed himself may yet be reconstructed – his eyes, his nose, his ears may rematerialize, even his words may be heard without the echo of the tomb. He is not a dead saint, Buddy tells us, and we don't want to think of him as ectoplasm; hence, a tormenting effort to describe his features, his clothes, his poems – anything to make him imperishable.

One by one, the items are ticked off. The poems may be the most embarrassing part of it; they are the hope held in reserve, the means of making Seymour immortal. They are the magic elixir which Buddy keeps half-concealed in the pocket of his coat. He does not really trust the elixir's effectiveness, so he rationalizes his failure to have had the poems published. The reader may not like them, so he advertises their merits in advance. The English Departments may not like them so he prepares to deny their denials of Seymour's immortality.

The consequences of this method are considerable for in the course of the story, Buddy becomes almost indistinguishable from Seymour. Buddy himself notices this. The object-observed has become the observer. All the air has been pumped out of the bell-jar, time and space continuums are sacrificed, and Buddy and Seymour react so intuitively to each other that there is no reverberation. Consequently, the description of the relationship is so great an effort that Buddy breaks into a cold sweat or sinks to the floor, or falls ill for weeks in the torture of trying to present a report without any of the ordinary points of reference or means of control.

The objective of the story then in a manner fails. If Seymour in fever was in danger of becoming a saint, Buddy, who identifies too much, has no better

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luck avoiding the same impression of Seymour in health. No longer the bananafish, Seymour is here metamorphosed into a "curlew sandpiper." He is faster than the Fastest Runner in the World; he makes his profoundest observations in the twilight. He is ephemeral, and no matter how many homely anecdotes are told about him, he has grown too diffuse to look at in the daytime; his talents have become supernatural. Only reincarnation ("and here the first blushes will be the reader's, not mine") could bring him down to earth again, and Buddy knows it, knowing the agonizing failure of his heart-shaped prose to do the job.

To use the word "failure" about the story itself is, however, probably almost meaningless to the true Salingerite, for there is a great difference between a failure of purpose ("Does the writer accomplish what he set out to do?") and a failure of effect. In the tradition in which Salinger is now writing, effect is attained not through achieving any goal, any resolution, but rather by getting the effort toward the goal down on the page. However vague that may seem as a criterion, the technical equipment required to meet it with intelligence, integrity, and variety is great. Salinger has submitted to the challenge with particular rigor in the last three stories where the dramatic action in the present has grown increasingly less, and in "Seymour" becomes almost totally expressed in the drama of the individual consciousness, anchored by incidental reports of Buddy's getting up, going to class, getting sick. The past is funneled through by means of letters and personal journals, but remains a part of the struggle of the present.

Corollary to this, it has been important for his enduring appeal that Salinger's narrative procedure has not been associative or "stream of consciousness," a conventional modern reaction against over-rigid form. His syntax is sophisticated and lucid, and in spite of the destruction of the time continuum, he proposes his objectives and makes his digressions (if we want a fictional forebear) with an aplomb like Sterne's, whose techniques those of "Seymour" perhaps most resemble.

Compare, for example, this from *Tristram Shandy:*

> "... It is one comfort at least to me that I lost some four-score ounces of blood this week in a most uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; so that I still have some hope remaining, it may be in the serous or globular parts of the blood and in the subtle aura of the brain. ..."

with Salinger's:

> "... I'm really not up to anything that *intime* just here. (I'm keeping especially close tabs on myself, in fact. It seems to me that this composition has never been in more danger than right now of taking on precisely the informality of underwear.) I've announced a major delay between paragraphs by way of informing the reader that I'm just freshly risen from nine weeks in bed with acute hepatitis. ..."

There are dangers in this kind of writing. Sometimes it verges on whimsy, and certainly it can lead to cultishness, as it did with Sterne or with Byron and Shelley, all of whom on occasions got *intime* with their readers. Also, and particularly with temperaments like Salinger's, it may depend too much on wit to relieve and to steady it. When the humor shows signs of exhaustion and despair, as Byron's and Sterne's did at times, as Salinger's does in "Seymour," the writer may be in trouble.

The body of Salinger's work has been an exploration chiefly of the problem of loss and mutability, free from theories about how a solution may be found. Inasmuch as poets have largely lost interest in such quests since about the time of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* and that it has made few real inroads into English or American fiction (unlike French and German) since Tennyson, the Salinger vogue is not surprising. It answers a need for a different kind of treatment of experience.

When Buddy Glass asks, "How can I record what I've just recorded and still be happy?" he doesn't answer the question. But there are hints that he is happy with his persistence, and that many of his readers who are up to anything *intime* are happy with it too.

A Reckoning of Pain

by Irving Howe

There are novels in which the writer's need to discharge his subject overwhelms the completed work itself. Such books are radically imperfect. They do not permit a settling of attention upon a make-believe autonomy, a mirror of some world apart and self-contained. They rouse a dubious interest in the writer's motives, memories, sublimations. Immediate actuality is their claim to significance, their ground for existence. Impure by their very nature, they do not pretend to arrive at a classic poise or recollected tranquility. Nor do they try to charm or please, since they want nothing but our disturbance. They come at us like enemies, hammering at our guilt, a penalty for our well-being: ruthless, bludgeoning, crying their relentless cry.

The Rack
by A. E. Ellis
(Little, Brown; $4.50)

Such a novel is A. E. Ellis' *The Rack*, a reckoning of the pain men and women suffer in a TB hospital. The book begins with the journey of Paul Davenant and some other English students to a sanitorium in the French Alps, and ends some two years later with Davenant fated to spend further months as a patient, perhaps forever. Mr. Ellis, an Englishman about whom the publisher provides no information, writes clumsily, with the detachment of a man who cares for nothing but an exact record. He never rises to exaltation or drops to morbidity. Sensationalism, metaphysics, depth psychology are all alien to his temper and would be distractions from his purpose. The faults of the novel, which are numerous and grave, arise from the same source as its enormous power: a monolithic fidelity to a chosen segment of experience. It is a grisly book which leaves one sweating with anguish and asking oneself two inseparable questions: *Why do I keep submitting myself to this ordeal?* and *How, in the face of*

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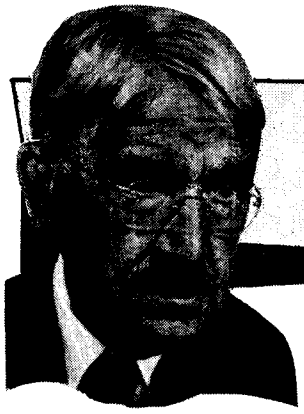
TWO FASCINATING BOOKS ON TWO GREAT THINKERS

as seen in candid and revealing conversations by their friends and colleagues



DIALOGUE ON JOHN DEWEY

In this exchange of opinion and reminiscence, the great philosopher and educator comes vividly to life. We meet him with his family and friends, overhear his lectures, glimpse him at work, discuss his books, see him absorbed in ideas and above all "living his philosophy." Readers will find here a delightful and instructive companion for the Dewey Centennial year.

Participants in the discussion: James T. Farrell, James Gutmann, Alvin S. Johnson, Horace M. Kallen, Harry W. Laidler, Corliss Lamont, Ernest Nagel, John H. Randall, Jr., Herbert W. Schneider, Harold Taylor, Milton Halsey Thomas *(A biographical sketch of each participant included in the volume).*

DIALOGUE ON GEORGE SANTAYANA

A paradoxical and poetic nature is revealed in this book about the philosopher who was also a beloved teacher and friend. We learn of his personal life and of his ideas; hear his self-estimate as a man of letters; learn of his increasing isolation. Out of the conversation emerges a portrait of absorbing interest.

Participants in the discussion: James Gutmann, Horace M. Kallen, Corliss Lamont, Milton Munitz, Ernest Nagel, John H. Randall, Jr., Herbert W. Schneider *(Biographical sketches included in the volume).*

Originally recorded on tape – both dialogues have been edited by

CORLISS LAMONT

with the assistance of **MARY REDMER**

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its evident truthfulness, do I dare not submit to it?

One thinks at first of *The Magic Mountain,* but the only value of the comparison lies in its rejection. In his novel, Mann aimed at an emblematic version of modern existence; the sanitorium offered him the advantages of concentration and excitement in which to stage a play of dialectic. But *The Rack* does not "use" the sanitorium: it is about the sanitorium, a hidden place where the sick cannot be seen. Mr. Ellis' intentions are representational, not symbolic; and that is why the book focuses not so much upon particular characters but states of experience, leading not to dramatic resolution but simply, as in life, to cure, death or continued suffering.

One or two reviews that I have seen claim the book as a "victory of man's spirit," a judgment that must be set down to the cant of the age (the less "spirit" we have, the more we celebrate it) or to the characteristic ineptitudes of newspaper reviewers. *The Rack* ends with the hopeless Davenant staring at the walls of his sick room, trying to absorb his sentence to further indefinite treatment, and recalling to himself Shakespeare's lines,

> "... He hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer."

You have to be an incurable literary chatterbox to see this as a triumph of man's spirit.

Almost everything pertaining to the novel as a form is ill-done in *The Rack.* Mr. Ellis has a tin ear, and his sentences are often clotted, drab and soggy. His efforts to provide some variety through vivid minor characters generally fail: they remind one of *other* novels, creating the odd sensation of being distracted from an intense actuality by a literary intrusion. There is a mildly touching love affair between Davenant and a young girl in the sanitorium; a description of a feverish New Year's party in which patients and doctors dance in a charade of equality – but none of this matters much, for it is quite what one expects from ... a novel.

What does matter is the marvellously controlled and precise descriptions of a clinical history, the evocations of the

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shifting states of that "infinitely subtle and mysterious disease" in which Davenant counts not merely as a person but also and perhaps more importantly, as a patient. Sternal punctures, a pneumothorax, mysterious fluctuations of fever, catastrophic secretions of fluid from the pleura, endless jabbing needles, hovering doctors – these are the true events of the book. Not the cheapjack spiritual rhetoric which any journalist can unleash, but a scrupulous record of the torture of a human body is Mr. Ellis' achievement. He does, it is true, bring into play a certain rudimentary psychology, enough to suggest that some urge to disintegration is allied with Davenant's disease. But the power of his book rests partly on the fact that the psychology *is* rudimentary; it does not distract us from the spectacle of the body which, rotting, takes all with it.

To whom can one recommend a book like this? Only, I suppose, to the habitual reader of serious novels, the reader, beyond hope or choice, who is lost to the habit and thoroughly prepared to face the worst. This kind of reader, as he picks up still another novel, braces himself for still another blow; and yet he picks it up.

Illuminators and Others

by Stanley Kauffmann

On the debit side of the film's contributions to culture must be listed most of the literature on the subject. No other art in history has evoked as much or as boring a body of comment in as short a time. Why is this so?

The rise of the film coincided with the advent of Freud, with several social revolutions, with one great political revolution, and with a tremendous rise in popular education. All these produced an army of relatively unemployed commentators, anxious to apply new sciences and values to the new art. From the viewpoint of a judicious literature, the film couldn't have been invented at a worse time. A hundred years earlier there would have been fewer migrant intellectuals looking for unexplored territories to stake out; a hundred years hence we may wear our learning more lightly.

Film: An Anthology
Edited by Daniel Talbot
(Simon and Schuster; $8.50)

There is no reason why the general reader should have bothered with most of the flatulent, self-advancing nonsense written about films. Thus it is pleasant to report that Daniel Talbot's anthology contains a number of selections worth anybody's time. It also contains a number of primer pieces and some examples of the worst pedantic sludge and critical ecstasy; and so it can be said to be a fair cross-section of what has been written about the movies.

In the first part, "Aesthetics, Social Commentary and Analysis," there are some pairings that make the contrasts vivid. The book opens with the windy "Art of Cineplastics" by Élie Faure, a wearisome example of a professional aesthete kicking his leaden heels in pastures new; this is followed by Erwin Panofsky's thoughtful, reasoned and humorous "Style and Medium in the Motion Pictures." Allardyce Nicoll's barren comments are compensated for by James Agee's familiar but still rewarding essay on silent comedy. Arnold Hauser's ploddings are balanced by the brilliance of Robert Warshow in an excellent (if not the only tolerable) sociological interpretation of the Western. One of Manny Farber's effusions precedes a sound essay by Pauline Kael which, in fact, answers Farber on some points. The excerpt from the Wolfenstein-Leites psychological study of movies is an epitome of the new scientific mind at its deadliest: the PhD's who Got There First.

The section on "Theory and Technique," which might have been the strongest in the book, is the weakest. There are the predictable excerpts from Pudovkin and Eisenstein and Rotha, an elementary piece by René Clair, a stimulating interview (as one would expect) with Jean Cocteau. But a piece of Arnheim's cluttered book clutters this one; and two film techniques go unrecognized by Talbot. There is no word by an actor. Why not "Acting and Behaving" by Alexander Knox or "I Am Not a Camera" by Michael Redgrave? Or some of Cherkassov's *Notes*? There is no word on music. Why not an excerpt from Hanns Eisler's *Composing for the Films*?

The third section, "History and Personal," contains among other selections Terry Ramsaye's prosy account of the early Edison days, the fascinating section on Griffith from Lewis Jacob's important film history, one of the more lucid chapters of Siegfried Kracauer's *From Caligari to Hitler*, a splash from the acid bath that Lillian Ross gave John Huston, and an insider's view of Hollywood by Ben Hecht. Flagrantly absent is a chronicle of Italian films since the war. Flagrantly present are pieces by Robert Payne and Henry Miller on Chaplin and Luis Bunuel, respectively. These ostensibly critical appreciations are simply dithyrambs, emotional floods brought about by exposure to artistic experience and carried on, quite egocentrically, in the vein of Romain Rolland's *Beethoven*.

Two further strictures must be brought against Talbot. He has included some articles which contain errors and dated material. One howler, in the John Grierson piece, he corrects in a footnote, but he prints the extensive section based on the mistake. Why wasn't this foolishness excised? Why preserve Seymour Stern's absolute certainty (1936) that *It Happened One Night* would be forgotten in five years? Why reprint a chapter of Leo Rosten's *Hollywood* which contains eighteen-year-old statistics and anachronistic conclusions?

Secondly, the bibliography, even for a short list, is inadequate. Two instances: it fails to mention those highly valuable books, *The Liveliest Art* by Arthur Knight and *The Film and the Public* by Roger Manvell. (Manvell, who has probably done more as film essayist and historian than any other writer in English, is mentioned only as the editor of one book. There is no essay by him in the collection.) The list of magazines, although it specifies some that are long defunct, omits *The Spectator* which, in Isabel Quigly, has one of the best film critics now writing.

There will be little for the specialist in this anthology, but for the general reader who wants a one-volume library on the subject, it is useful.

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Sylvia and Her Friends

by Alice B. Toklas

It was shortly after Sylvia Beach opened her bookshop and lending library on the rue Dupuytren that we first met her. Gertrude Stein was her first annual member. It was then that finding Sylvia the most American after Gertrude Stein that I named her the flagstaff. It was a temptation to name her the flag – but could one do that – would that not be a sacrilege? So I compromised with the flagstaff. Many admirable photographs with which this book is illustrated show what a classical American beauty Sylvia was.

Shakespeare and Company
by Sylvia Beach
(Harcourt; $4.50)

The daughters of the Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge Beach – Sylvia, Holly and Cyprian – were born in the United States but were frequently taken to France where Sylvia and Holly came to settle after World War I. Before she left the United States, Sylvia had gone from New Jersey to New York to consult Mr. Ben Huebsch about her future career. They were both to become publishers of James Joyce.

Sylvia told me recently that an Englishwoman who was writing a book about Gertrude Stein had come to secure material. "Oh no," replied Sylvia. "What material I have about Miss Stein I am keeping for my own book." How right she was. *Shakespeare and Company* has faithful, occasionally brilliant portraits. The two best and longest are of herself and James Joyce.

It was at Adrienne Monnier's bookshop that she had gone to buy the French poets in whom she was interested. The two women immediately became friends. Adrienne Monnier found the bookshop for Sylvia on the rue Dupuytren and later the one on the rue de l'Odéon. And it was Adrienne Monnier who took her to the home of a French writer, André Spire, where she met James Joyce. Ezra Pound was there and he introduced her to Mrs. Joyce. Then someone told Sylvia Joyce was sitting alone in a small room lined with books. She strolled into it and there, drooping between two bookcases, he sat. Trembling, she asked him, "Is this the great James Joyce?" "James Joyce," he replied.

This was the beginning of the long friendship with a writer she said she "worshipped." The book is the detailed history of that friendship, the proof of the survival of her devotion through trials that might have crushed a less valiant soul. After all was she not the flagstaff?

Joyce came to Shakespeare and Company the next day and for some time thereafter every day. The Joyces had lately come to Paris from Zurich where they had spent the war years. It was at this time that Miss Harriet Weaver of the Egoist Press (London) had been obliged to renounce the further printing of *Ulysses* after five installments. It was the time *The Little Review* was tried for "obscenity" for publishing a part of *Ulysses*. Joyce came in to tell this to Sylvia, saying, "My book will never be published now."

"Will you let Shakespeare and Company have the honor to publish your book?" Sylvia asked. And so she began to publish Joyce's work. These were the happy days of Shakespeare and Company as publisher and as the meeting place of the well known and the less well known young American and English authors.

For the French writers Sylvia had a warm feeling – indeed a considerable affection for André Gide, Paul Valéry, Valery Larbaud and Léon Paul Fargue. Gide came to see her often. Once they spent a short time together in the south of France on the Mediterranean coast. He rowed her quite a distance out and then commanded "now jump." And she jumped into the sea – a risky chance.

When the Joyce publications were costing too much, Sylvia's writer friends arranged that 200 subscribers should pay an annual fee of 200 francs to hear the writers read aloud. Gide read a play of his. Paul Valéry read an incomprehensible poem and Léon Paul Fargue a poem in questionable taste.

Shakespeare and Company managed to survive the beginning of the invasions of World War II. Then one day Sylvia was warned the Germans would sequester her books. So with the aid of her concierge she packed the books, manuscripts, photographs and small objects into clothes baskets and carried them with the furniture to a small empty apartment upstairs. That was the end of Shakespeare and Company.

Poem

On that day of summer, blue and gold,
All space was blossoming, not only
The white blooms of the sailing summery clouds,
In the shadows of the trees' statues flowing down,
Under the glittering blue and the sky's lightning,
But every solid thing was opening,
Having put forth leaf and bud,
The first tendril of
The trees were flowering,
The hills were as green drums throbbing and pulsing,
And the river was excited by the light which foamed upon it,
Flowing and sparkling excitement from the rippling folds
the rippling radiance,
As the birds darted, perched, bubbled, dipped, and perched,
Like a ballet of dark flutes, like a transformation of twigs
into starlings,
Like the arising of branches into troops of geese –
And as the sun of June burned all afternoon there was nothing
but the elation and celebration of the motions
of energy everywhere.

Delmore Schwartz

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The Power of Management

by Tom Brooks

Mr. Berle has revived that useful classical phrase "political economy" and given it new life. He makes one realize, afresh, how political most economic decisions are: General Motors, after all, is a government – and a far more important one than those of many states.

Ownership was once the source of power in the American economy, but ownership has long been divorced from the control of things – even of capital. Berle was one of the first to spot the fact that management has long since held the power of self-perpetuation. What he sees for the future, however, is still another step – "the gradual removal from management of this self-perpetuating power by a different and rising group of interests – pension trustees, mutual-fund managers and (less importantly) insurance company managements."

Power Without Property
by Adolf A. Berle, Jr.
(Harcourt, Brace; $3.75)

Berle cites a good many impressive statistics to back up his contention that corporate voting power through the ownership of stocks is shifting to the fiduciary institutions. Ultimately, he says, "a relatively small oligarchy of men operating in the same atmosphere, absorbing the same information, moving in the same circles and in a relatively small world knowing each other, dealing with each other, and having more in common than difference, will hold the reins." And, within the context of current myths, they will not hold that power legitimately. Management, Berle points out, can claim legitimacy through the pleasant fiction of stockholder-elections. But pension funds and the like are not true stockholders, and their trustees have other, different obligations.

I think, Berle makes too much of the alleged increase in the power of the fiduciary institutions. I agree with Robert Tilove, who in his report to the Fund for the Republic, *Pension Funds and Economic Freedom*, concludes:

> "Although the dollars involved imply a vast potential for concentrated economic power by financial institutions, there is no real evidence that this has developed into a significant public problem. There is no 'clear-and-present danger,' nor even an implied threat for the near future."

The most one can say is that the pension and mutual funds are a conservative influence; chances are you will find them always on the side of present management – the management whose performance encouraged them to buy stocks in the first place.

But this is a digression from one of the central issues raised by Berle. It is one of the pleasant myths of the Eisenhower epoch that we have a free enterprise system. Ours is a planned economy; indeed our pluralistic corporate-state is, in a sense, a middle-class socialism. And, it is here, as the opponents of socialism have always contended, that the problems of power arise: Planning by large institutions – state or corporate – risks the abuse of power. Ironically, as Berle notes, it is an "inescapable conclusion of growing size of economic organizations, that the thrust of economic influence on life is increasingly administered by a relatively small group of individuals, and that those individuals resemble a professional civil service far more than a group of property-owning and property-minded entrepreneurs." The corporation manager of today, says Berle, "is essentially a civil servant seeking reputation, power and a pension. . . ." Thus are we plagued with bureaucracy in the corporate structure as well as in the government. The power elite, in short, is a bunch of bureaucrats.

Our economic – and more so our political – pluralism saves us to some extent from abuses of the great economic power that resides at the corporate-state centers. In addition, Berle argues, a kind of public concensus helps to prevent wrong-doing.

There's much truth to this. Nonetheless, it begs a fundamental question, which I'll pose this way: Berle suggests that on the whole our institutions work satisfactorily and when they do not, "the most obvious remedy at present is not to change the system but change the managers." My question is a simple "How?" We can't, as Berle shows, vote them out, either as citizens or stockholders. True, a great hullaballo can be raised, investigations can be launched. But this seems a roundabout way to check abuses. And, certainly not an effective way for the citizenry to expect policy decisions in what Berle terms an "economic republic." If economic decisions are basically political, should we – as Berle implies – leave them to the technicians? The non-Statist civil servant, I suspect, feels responsible to a different set of masters than does his public counterpart. He certainly is several times further removed from the "public consensus" than the latter.

Unhappily, Berle's book only brings the reader up to the point where some exploration of democratic planning would be fruitful. Is it possible, or feasible, in this economy? I confess I don't know but I suspect from *Power Without Property* we had better begin to think about it more.

"The State of the Unions"

by

Warner Bloomberg, Jr.
Joel Seidman
Victor Hoffmann

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Fables in Real Clothing

by Lloyd Zimpel

Three or four years ago *The Chicago Review* published a surprising little story by Walter Toman called "The Dragon-Flies." It is narrated in a case-history manner – humorous in its very solemnity – by a nameless gentleman who comes each evening to toss his left-over dinner rolls to a vast hungry crowd gathered beneath his balcony. Why the crowd is there we never know, although the narrator finds it not at all unusual. Each time he throws a roll, the crowd surges toward it as if lifted by a powerful ground swell. Half beside themselves with eagerness to get at the food, some members of the crowd soon learn that by flapping their arms they can lift themselves to meet the falling rolls. Before long a few of the most talented are able to fly high enough to reach the balcony rail where they perch, waiting for the man to appear with his left-over rolls. When things reach this state, which the coolly detached narrator finds "unseemly and yet legally non-actionable," he simply flings what rolls he has saved into the crowd and leaves "for parts unknown."

A Kindly Contagion
by Walter Toman
translated by Harry Zohn
(Bobbs-Merrill; $3.95)

This brief story, given different emphasis here as "The Roll Thrower," leads off Harry Zohn's translations of thirty-two engrossing Toman pieces, some of them no longer a half-page but almost all casting shadows well beyond their physical limits. Far from being the familiar "well-made" short story with its tiresome pretense at reality, these sharp pieces have the wild mystery, the baffling convolutions and sudden insights of life. Not all of every story appears on the page. And it is only proper that the author is a Vienna-trained psychologist and psychoanalyst.

Henry Winter, the drab little chocolate wrapper of "Busse's World Theater" who has received the same wages since he began work in the chocolate factory at the age of fourteen, is typical. Wanly hoping to escape drudgery, Winter joins a World Theater ("the emphasis is on the *World*. . . ."): he finds that his enrolment fee entitles him only to have his name entered in a long list of "actors." As number 1001 ("a number divisible by 13. Try it at home."), he is assigned the role of a drab little chocolate wrapper named Henry Winter who is to report to work just as before. In fact, nothing has changed. At first he resents being badly used, but soon he is again looking forward to the same minute goals he has always had: getting the price of a glass of beer.

Just as the chocolate wrapper thinks his unhappy situation holds only "for the time being," so do the characters in the other tales reveal their prodigious faith – not the faith of the advertiser who must desperately believe his product is the best, but the overwhelming, abiding faith that comes only to those who have seen visions. Thus the job-seeker in "The Meek Shall Inherit" is convinced of his right to the clerk's job in Bredloff's delicatessen even though his very appearance drives off customers; thus does the husband and father in "Plea for Paternity" ask legal help in stopping his wife from triumphantly revealing her infidelity – he must keep his faith. As Bredloff discovers when he flees his store and leaves it to the persistent job-seeker, there is no adequate response to the steamroller forces of such faith. It dies of itself or not at all. In "Christ on the Cross" Christ starts to say "Father, forgive them – " and finds himself saying: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

But these pieces are as hilarious as they are grim. If they sometimes resemble the Kafka of "A Hunger-Artist," they also show a little of the half-familiar world of Paul Klee and Christian Morgenstern. In watching the life-sized little men stumbling over man-made impedimenta, one gets a glimpse of an atomic age European Robert Benchley. The stories partake of fable, allegory, documentary narrative, dream and moralizing essay, yet no single paragraph could be so easily categorized. Social, religious, political theories turn up in incongruous dress: a couple is prevented from making love by the armor they both wear; deaf-mutes learn to dance from the blind; a descendant of a long line of soldiers is cursed with an over-strong, over-sized hand which, when amputated, grows back in normal proportions; apartment dwellers raid their neighbors' apartments to steal rooms; a man and wife discover they have doubles who carry on their normal household life when they are elsewhere; an undertaker, wise in the ways of sales promotion, motorizes his corpses so they may wave to friends on the way to the grave.

Some few of the slighter pieces insist almost too vigorously upon what they do not state. No one is likely to read the story, say, of the young man who plans to the last detail his sweetheart's murder only to burst out finally in a passionate profession of love without the smug thought that *he* knows what *this* author is up to. It is always pleasant when one understands what he has read; but here the sly exhilaration at having penetrated the author's shield is followed by mild chagrin, such as one might experience upon discovering that what he thought was fiction turns out to be a philosophical statement.

"LAST YEAR *Mayor Wagner announced his refusal to greet Ibn Saud—on the grounds that Ibn Saud discriminates against Jews. Now Nikita Khrushchev not only discriminates against Jews, he kills them. On the other hand, he does much the same thing to Catholics and Protestants. Could that be why Mr. Wagner consented to honor Khrushchev? Krushchev murders people without regard to race, color or creed, that is, on straight FEPC lines; and therefore, whatever he is guilty of, he is not guilty of discrimination. Is that the new rationality?*"

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

William Wiegand is a young writer on the faculty of Stanford University. His novel *The Treatment Man* will be published later this month by McGraw-Hill. Alice B. Toklas is still living in Paris and has recently written two cookbooks. Delmore Schwartz' newest collection of poems is *Summer Knowledge*. Tom Brooks is assistant labor editor of *Business Week*. Lloyd Zimpel is a young West-Coast critic. James Reichley is the author of a political novel, *The Burying of Kingsmith*.

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The New Conservatives' Last Gasp

by James Reichley

The so-called New Conservatism, which a few years ago was kicking up quite a fuss on the academic playing fields, has retired to the dusty company of discarded ideas, taking its place among such relics as Share-the-Wealth, America First, and the Single Tax.

A few of its spokesmen survive, appearing every now and then between hard covers with their latest pronouncements on its dogmas; a jauntily edited national journal of opinion carries its message to the remaining army of believers; the faithful are trooped out every now and then to sign a full-page newspaper advertisement deploring this or that chicken-livered betrayal of principle by the government of the United States. But whatever vitality the movement may ever have possessed has long since petered out. The civilized community has moved on to other things. The New Conservatives have been left to wrangle chiefly with each other, which must be fairly unpleasant work. The educated audience whose attention they once – for a few months – captured simply is no longer listening.

Up from Liberalism
by William F. Buckley, Jr.
(McDowell, Obolensky; $3.50)

All of this is a bit sad, and, in a country which has always contained a formidable though relatively inarticulate body of conservative opinion, a bit hard to explain. Why did the New Conservatives never quite get off the ground, and so soon sink beneath it?

A part of the answer can be found by examining the new book, *Up from Liberalism*, by William Buckley, one of the brighter and more decent of the New Conservatives.

His essays purport to be an attack on the philosophy of what he terms Liberalism (spelling it with a capital "L" to distinguish it from historic "liberalism," which he says is okay), but they are hardly that. Rather, the bulk of his argument is devoted to recounting incidents in which liberals have behaved foolishly or with malicious intent. Some of these incidents indeed reflect little credit on the individuals involved, and some of them – notably the notorious Hughes case – never cease to deserve retelling. But what do they prove about Liberalism, or liberalism, or any other political philosophy? It is not news that liberals sometimes fall short of the highest standards of conduct, and that some liberals are congenital scoundrels or fools. But what does this tell us about the philosophy to which these people claim allegiance? By this test the New Conservatism would be thrown out of court without further hearing. (This, of course, does not mean that the test is either fair or relevant; it seems only proper once the point has been raised, however, to mention that the New Conservatism stands to suffer far more than liberalism from any critical examination of the way in which its adherents comport themselves).

Mr. Buckley's proposition in this book appears to be that if he can prove that leading liberals are in the grip of some kind of "mania," he will thereby have demolished the liberal philosophy. The examples which he produces add up to no such proof, but even if they did, it would not follow that the liberal philosophy itself is false. It is commonplace of history that great truths have frequently been discovered and disseminated by extremely odd people. Interestingly, Mr. Buckley himself raises this defense, correctly I think, against the attempt by some liberals to refute the tenets of conservatism by attributing them to the demented operations of "authoritarian personalities."

More significant than Mr. Buckley's argument is the light that it throws on the collapse of the movement he represents. He complains that the New Conservatives have difficulty finding liberals nowadays who will argue with them. The reason clearly is that most of the New Conservatives, like Mr. Buckley, do not appear to have much interest in arguing about the actual problems of our time – problems springing in part, it is true, from the real shortcomings of the liberal ideology – but prefer instead to challenge the good faith, character, and competence of their opponents.

The New Conservatism has consistently turned its back on the mass of moderate conservative sentiment which normally conditions the policies of the American government, and it has disfigured the various expressions of classic conservatism that it has sought to represent. It is not the tough-minded conservatism of Mencken (except for a few forthright declarations on behalf of private property, it has ordinarily cloaked its position in the wooliest metaphysical abstractions); nor the traditional conservatism of Burke (it would be difficult to name an American president since John Adams who claims the whole-hearted admiration of the New Conservatives); nor the nationalist conservatism of Hamilton, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt (it is four square for states rights, particularly when the states can be shown to be lacking in imagination or resources); nor even the calculated conservatism of Disraeli (the New Conservatism's ventures into practical politics have exhibited an almost farcical lack of rudimentary common sense about public life).

On economic matters it has acknowledged no standard other than individual appetite (witness Mr. Buckley's outraged disapproval of all suggestions that a portion of the nation's wealth might better be expended through public than through private means); but when questions of political justice are at stake, the New Conservatism has unhesitatingly aligned itself on the side of oligarchy (witness Mr. Buckley's cool dismissal of the right to suffrage of Negroes in the South).

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This incoherence is a misfortune, since the real effect of the New Conservatism has probably been to slow down or discourage the construction of a body of doctrine critical of the prevailing liberal assumptions which now form the only articulate philosophy operating in our society. The New Conservatism has been correct in sensing that the philosophy of liberalism has yet to suggest any comprehensive reform to meet the problems of the United States in mid-20th Century. But it has woefully failed to offer any alternative program. Mr. Buckley in his final chapter admits the reality of this failure, which may be interpreted as a sign that he, if not the more inflamed among his companions, will soon be departing for more productive pastures.

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RECORDS

Buying Stereophonic Equipment

Listening to stereophonic reproduction of an Angel tape of Mozart's Adagio and Fugue for strings, I found that when the two speakers were separated I heard the high strings as one group and the low strings as another, which was not what I would have heard in the concert hall. Only when the speakers were brought close together did the two groups coalesce into one, whose sound had a spatial depth, roundness and spread that was not to be heard in even the best sound from a monophonic recording. And this, not directional separation, was what for me gave the stereophonic recording its value and made it preferable to monophonic.

Investigating further, I played the monophonic version of the disc recording of the Argenta performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol* on London LL-1682 with the fine Shure Studio Dynetic monophonic cartridge, and then the stereophonic version on CS-6006 with the new Studio Dynetic stereophonic cartridge, and found that the stereophonic version produced even more beautiful – not only rounder, fuller, more spacious, but more lustrous and finer-quality – sound than the monophonic. And the superiority, I discovered, came not only from the recording but from the cartridge: even the *monophonic* version of *Capriccio Espagnol* produced more beautiful sound with the stereophonic than with the monophonic cartridge. And so did the excellent monophonic recording of the Steber performance of Berlioz's *Nuits d'Été* on Columbia ML-4940. As for the Glenn Gould recording of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1, whereas the monophonic version on Columbia ML-5298 played with the monophonic cartridge produced brashly blaring orchestral tuttis (seemingly recorded too close to the microphone), the stereophonic version on MS-6017 played with the stereophonic cartridge produced agreeable sound (though the kettledrums were still too loud); and even the monophonic version sounded less brash and more agreeable when it was played with the stereophonic cartridge.

I therefore advise acquiring the Shure Studio Dynetic M-212 or M-216 stereophonic cartridge and arm for the improved reproduction of one's older monophonic records, and then acquiring the stereophonic versions of new recordings. To obtain all the spatial depth and spread that the stereophonic recording makes possible one must reproduce the two signals from the cartridge through the two channels of (1) a stereophonic preamplifier (I suggest the McIntosh) or two monophonic preamplifiers (I suggest the Marantz) with stereophonic adapter, (2) amplifiers (I suggest the McIntosh 60 or the Acro-Sound kit), and (3) two speakers (I suggest Janszen Z-200 electrostatic systems). However the two signals from the cartridge can also be combined in a Y-jack and played through the one channel of one monophonic amplifier, one amplifier and one speaker: the sound then retains its fine quality and beauty but has less spatial depth and spread. One final word: stereophonic recording requires a first-class – *i.e.* rumble-free – motor and turntable (I suggest the Thorens TD-124).

I have recommended components for the best possible sound; but good sound at less cost can be had with a Thorens TD-124 motor, a Shure M3D cartridge in a Rek-O-Kut 160 arm, a Sherwood S-1000 preamplifier and amplifier, and, in order of preference, a Janszen Z-300 or Z-400 speaker system or a KLH-6.

And while I am on the subject I will add that I would not myself be guided by the statements about reproducing equipment published in *Consumers Reports*.

One of the year's great events is Epic's release – on LC-3574 (mono) and BC-1025 (stereo) – of Mozart's Piano Concerto K.503 and Beethoven's No. 4 played by Leon Fleisher with the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell. K.503 is one of the least frequently played of the fascinating series of Mozart concertos – its first New York performance having been Schnabel's with the Philharmonic in 1944. This may be because it begins not with an immediately appealing theme, but, in the words of Tovey, "with a majestic assertion of . . . C major by the whole orchestra, with mysterious soft shadows that give a solemn depth to the tone"; and these soft shadows of delicate woodwind textures after the initial radiance of the entire orchestra – the second time with a wonderful shift to C minor – are among the subtleties contrived for the 18th-Century ear that may be missed by listeners today. Fleisher's playing of this music has the clear articulation and outlining of phrase and the continuity of tension that Schnabel's had, but with the greater strength and projective force that this work calls for – all of which makes the performance the only one I have heard on records that is a complete and effective realization of the work. It reveals Fleisher as one of the great pianists and musicians of today; and this is true also of his superbly conceived and executed performances of Beethoven's No. 4. The sound from BC-1025 is more luminous and full than that from LC-3574; but both require cutting down of the heavy bass, and place the orchestra a little too far behind the piano.

In place of the usual expansive performance of Tchaikovsky's tawdry Piano Concerto No. 1, Victor LM-2319 gives us one – broadcast from Carnegie Hall on April 25, 1943 – in which Toscanini's faster tempos pull the work together into a clearly and tautly outlined shape, and speed up the piano's fireworks to a degree that makes Horowitz's execution of them hair-raising – his playing of sustained melody, on the other hand, being tense and steely-toned. The recording reproduces the piano better than the orchestra, whose violins are muffled and have a fake electronic gloss; and the piano's passage-work occasionally blankets the orchestra's melody.

B. H. Haggin

Next Week

The Legendary Berenson

by Frank Getlein

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O'Neill's Adolescent Talkathon

Somewhere in the second act of *The Great God Brown* a fleeting moment of authentic revelation almost frees itself from the self-conscious theorizing, the literary posturing, the confused experimentation, the garbled prose, and the aimless structure of this adolescent talkathon. Significantly enough, it is an insight into the complexity of human motivation. Confronting Billy Brown with the painful meaning behind his life and actions, Dion Anthony exposes

The Great God Brown
by Eugene O'Neill
(Coronet Theater)

as illusion Brown's conviction that he covets Dion's wife: "Brown loves *me*! He loves me because I have always possessed the power he needed for love, because I am love!" Even here the revelation is vanishing in a vapor of abstraction; and, soon after, Dion, wrapping his numerous archetypes around him like a shroud, expires – no doubt gagged to death on his own generalities. But though the moment is brief, it is enough to remind you that O'Neill's greatness lay in his relentless probing of character and not in his hazy views of man and the universe.

Later in life, when he finally acknowledged this, his greatness found its full expression. In plays like *The Ice Man Cometh* and *A Long Day's Journey*, O'Neill's powers are integrated, disciplined, concrete; in *The Great God Brown*, they are abstract, fragmented, and out of control. At this stage in his career, O'Neill is obsessed with Big Themes (mostly borrowed from Nietzsche) but incapable of expressing them through significant action. Trying to transcend his limitations, he is not yet able to determine what they are.

As a result, *The Great God Brown* lacks a distinct plot while its characters function only as abstract ideas, explaining and justifying themselves to the point of self-pity. O'Neill is driven by an irresistible impulse to harangue his audience about the meaning of life; and even his famous theatrical devices (masks, asides, and soliloquies) are designed for discursive, hortatory, and narrative purposes rather than dramatic effect. Trying to be a playwright of ideas, O'Neill seems unable to sustain an intellectual problem with any subtlety or consistency. The incoherence of this play is a direct result of its multiplicity of undeveloped and often contradictory themes.

A glance at the play's scheme reveals the disorder of its organization. Beginning with a Mencken-like analysis of America in the 1920s, O'Neill sets up a conflict between the sensitive, alienated artist and the thick-skinned, successful materialist. This conflict is left hanging, however, as his interest turns to the artistic and religious doubts of his protagonist. As his name implies (he wears the sensual mask of Dionysius over the ascetic features of St. Anthony), Dion Anthony is an amalgam of pagan and Christian qualities, as well as being the apotheosis of erotic and spiritual love. But since O'Neill confounds Dion's Dionysian aspect (which should be irrational, ecstatic, and unintellectual) with a blasphemous tendency, the play shifts to a discussion of how Dion is painfully suspended between religious belief and irreligious mockery. Misunderstood by the world, Dion is driven to drink and excess, finding solace with a virtuous whore named Cybel, a composite of Anna Christie and Mother Earth.

As his own features become more saintly, Dion's mask grows more satanic until it finally turns Mephistophelean – the plot changes once again and becomes a Faust story. Unknown to all but Brown, Dion dies, and Brown (Faust), assuming his mask, takes on his identity as well, along with Dion's wife (Margaret). As a price, his own soul is submerged in Dion's. Agonized by the enervating prospect not only of leading two lives but of maintaining four faces, Brown pretends to kill Brown; and in a highly melodramatic conclusion is himself shot by the police. The play ends on a Nietzschean note (to be developed even more clumsily in *Lazarus Laughed*): that life, which takes the form of an eternal recurrence, is good because it is painful.

But the play, being itself synoptic, is impossible to synopsize; though written out of enormous ambition and conviction, it is less a coherent drama than an extended scenario of unfleshed and unrealized ideas. Any of these ideas, properly handled, might have been the basis for a powerful work, but its shifting focus, alternating heroes, and garbled themes make *The Great God Brown* a chaos of fragmentary insights. Perhaps its most serious fault stems from O'Neill's attempt to relate his own personal problems to an uncongenial philosophical system: Nietzsche does not sit well on the stomach of such a conscience-striken man.

The current production by the Phoenix company is hamstrung by the play. Stuart Vaughan has chosen to direct the action as a heavy and somber scenic processional. The gloomy and oppressive mood he establishes is perfectly proper, but his pacing is ponderous and his staging over-stylized, possibly out of misguided reverence for the play. Tharon Musser's atmospheric area lighting, somewhat hard on the eyeballs, is an effective complement to the general mood; David Amram's music provides compelling counterpoint; and Will Steven Armstrong's settings – geometric backdrops over a raked stage – are both modest and functional.

I am not convinced, however, that the Phoenix group, despite the obvious gifts of its individual performers, is the ideal company for this play – too many of the parts seem miscast. Fritz Weaver is an exception, for he is physically well adapted to the double character of Dion – but since he is struggling with some of the most impossible lines in literature, it is not surprising that, between moments of inspiration, he sometimes cuts a grotesque and whining figure; Robert Lansing is a "cool" actor, too soft spoken and well mannered to capture the gross back-slapping Billy Brown; and although Nan Martin proves once again that she can throw a fit of hysterics more accurately than anyone in the business, her angular physique and sharp attack are not exactly suited to the warm and maternal Margaret.

A tiny actress named Gerry Jedd playing the voluptuous Cybel, on the other hand, almost justifies Vaughan's tend-

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ency to cast against type. Attired in a red wig and flaming kimono, Miss Jedd endows her part with a rich husky voice, imaginative movement and enormous compassion. Since she plays Cybel as a living creature of firm substance rather than a gaseous abstraction, her scenes, though sentimentally conceived, emerge as moving and true.

Yet, not even the most sublime acting can make this play completely palatable. *The Great God Brown* is a work of O'Neill's creative adolescence, and it cannot hold us now. But since he was a dramatist who had to write badly in order to write well, we may console ourselves with the thought that this tedious ride over the treacherous terrain of Religion, Philosophy, and Universal Truth was some kind of negative preparation for his last, great plays.

Robert Brustein

Correspondence

What Happened in Hungary?

Sirs:

I am interested in the statement made by Gerald W. Johnson (September 28):

> "If Mr. Khrushchev publicly admitted the truth about Hungary, he would probably be shot."

I am curious to know the factual basis for that assertion. . . . My nonpartisan investigations of both versions of the Hungary affair lead to two conclusions:

1. That the "bloody" revolt there, was admittedly, openly, even proudly, encouraged by agencies without Hungary, on which fact the revolutionists with reason depended for military aid; and that much of this was by authorized groups here.

2. That while the leaders were likely sincere in their opposition to "slave-state" rule there, they must also have been either impatient perfectionists or eager for World War III, or both. Had they been even a little realistic they might have known that Russia could no more permit such a revolution than the USA could or should permit an enemy-fomented one, say in Panama, the West Indies or Mexico; or even in Formosa.

Hence, will you or Mr. J. please explain? . . . Why would K. be probably shot? Would our President even be censured for so intervening with big guns in case of such a fomented revolution against us in the nations that I have mentioned?

J. R. Keister
Greensburg, Pa.

Mr. Johnson replies:

Whatever the origin of the Hungarian revolt, it was suppressed with a bloody ruthlessness that exposes the present Russian regime as little, if any, improvement morally over that of Ivan the Terrible. But if Mr. Khrushchev had told the truth about the suppression he would have been publicizing the deformities and lesions of the state he heads; which the other Russians would have regarded, justifiably, as treason; and traitors are promptly shot in Russia.

Gerald W. Johnson
Baltimore, Md.

Where Is Jerry Voorhis?

Sirs:

William Costello's article "1946 – The First Campaign" (October 12) helps set the record straight and presents many facts which, I am sure, are of interest to *The New Republic*'s readers. Some of your readers may wonder what has happened to Jerry Voorhis since the Voorhis-Nixon campaign of '46. But for many millions of Americans you don't have to say "Where is Jerry?" The former Congressman from California is now serving a much larger constituency than he ever served in California's 12th Congressional District. As Executive Director of the Cooperative League of the USA, Jerry now has 13 million constituents. These are the member families of consumer, service and purchasing type co-ops associated with the Cooperative League.

Since 1947, Jerry's leadership has been responsible for modern management techniques in cooperative operation as he spearheaded a series of technical institutes on business management, financial techniques, personnel, educational, editorial and public relations techniques for cooperative leadership. He has served as Executive Secretary of the Group Health Association of America, a federation of prepaid consumer-owned cooperative health associations serving more than a million members throughout the country. He brought into the Cooperative League the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association and the Credit Union National Association. Under his guidance the League reached out to assist cooperatives in the Caribbean area, in Italy, India, Viet Nam and Laos, where representatives of the Cooperative League serve as advisors to growing organizations.

A one-week schedule a little over a year ago illustrates dramatically how Jerry gets around. Sunday evening he left his home in suburban Chicago and flew to Prince Rupert, British Columbia, to address an annual conference of fishermen's cooperatives in British Columbia. From there he flew to Panama for a conference on cooperative credit for the Central American countries. His next assignment was a speech to a National Council of Churches meeting in Detroit – then back to headquarters in Chicago for a few hours tackling a backlog of correspondence.

If any one asks where Jerry Voorhis is these days, the safest answer is *"everywhere."*

Wallace J. Campbell
Director of the Washington Office
The Cooperative League

How to Keep the Peace

Sirs:

In the September 21 issue, Louis J. Halle rightly emphasizes the military significance of determination to resist totalitarian aggression on the part of possible victims. As he points out, the Swiss demonstrated such determination against Hitler, the Finns against the Soviets, but we have not done so clearly enough against Khrushchev. I am sure he is right that while total mobilization would endanger our free institutions, a degree of mobilization greater than the present is essential.

But mobilization is not identical with determination. We might indeed mobilize to the point where our ground forces substantially exceeded those of Rumania and our progress in missiles and nuclear weapons reflected both the

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intellectual and financial capacity of the nation, without impressing the Soviets any more with our determination than we did during Khrushchev's visit.

More important, ought we not ask ourselves what we should be determined to *do*? Mr. Halle's determination is to deter the Soviets from aggression, presumably armed attack across a recognized frontier. Surely he is aware that the Communists have extended their rule to some 900 million people in the last half-century, and that next to none of those (except for a few people on the Finnish and South Korean frontiers) were subdued by old-fashioned armed aggression? As Mr. Halle said in his earlier article in *The New Republic* of June 22, the problem of establishing a "stable equilibrium of forces and a *modus vivendi* which provides at least the minimum of security that each side must have in order to accept it" is an old one for the free peoples of the world. It is also one which cannot be solved by the "firm diplomacy, backed by adequate force and determination," which he advances as the solution. The reason is simple: diplomacy and the use of armed attack across frontiers are not and have never been the Communists' chief weapons.

If they were Khrushchev's main instruments, we could accept the contention of those who tell us that if we prevent the Soviets (and Chinese Communists, who really ought to be somewhere in this discussion) from expanding, they will cool down and be gentlemen in a few decades. In that case it would not matter whether they were bent on world conquest or just talked that way without meaning it, like Madison Avenue. They would be denied the possibility by our firm diplomats and our greater mobilization. But the 900,000,000 fell to Communism by civil war, subversion, liquidation of opponents, and armed occupation acquiesced in by the Western powers, all of these preceded by a prolonged intellectual campaign which, especially in Russia and China, had much to do with the final outcome. The Communists are currently making important headway in Laos, the marches of India, the Middle East, and certain Latin American countries. Our diplomats and generals, unfortunately, are unable to do much about halting these gains.

In fact, we seem determined about a number of things. We seem to be inflexibly resolved to undertake no serious program of political warfare. We seem to be determined to conduct the cold war under the prevailing ground rules, arranged by no diplomats but yet scrupulously observed. They are: draw a line around existing Communist territory. *They* may intervene all they please across that line (provided only they do not attack across a frontier); we may then try to counter such intervention, provided only that *we* do not cross the line. Thus, if the population of East Berlin or Hungary or Tibet rises in revolt, we lift no finger to help them, because we would have to cross the line. But if Khrushchev wants West Berlin, or Mao wants the offshore islands, let us by all means have endless conferences about whether, or how, or when, to give them up. Whether these ground rules are wise, I do not here wish to discuss. I only point out that neither foreign ministers' nor summit conferences, state visits to secure peace, nor even levels of military preparedness, determined these ground rules. They permit continuation of the type of Communist expansion which is the *only* one which has achieved success. Are we determined, also to halt this type? I doubt it.

But aside from our determination, are we ever going to arrive at a time when our major commentators on foreign affairs approach Communism and its strategists not from the standpoint of their presumed similarity to Russian Tsars, Chinese Emperors, and Muslim caliphs, but instead endeavor to analyze them as they have been and as they are?

Donald W. Treadgold
Professor of History
University of Washington

Sir John Gielgud's Features

Sirs:

Did Robert Brustein (October 5) really mean to describe Sir John Gielgud's features as "imbecile"?

Robert Dale
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Brustein replies:

My phrase was "immobile features." The word "imbecile" was an unfortunate interpolation of the typesetter's.

Robert Brustein
New York, N. Y.

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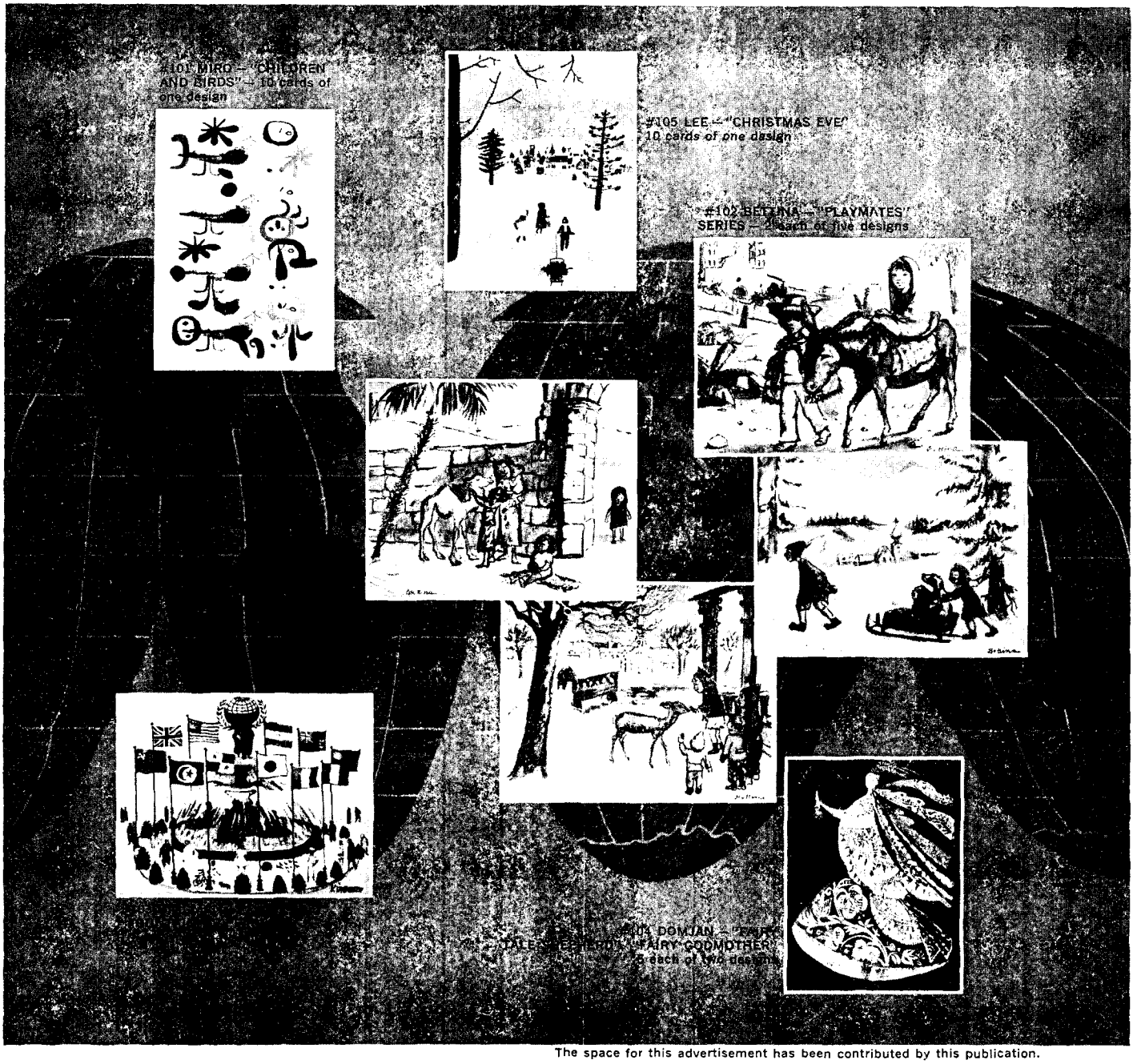
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